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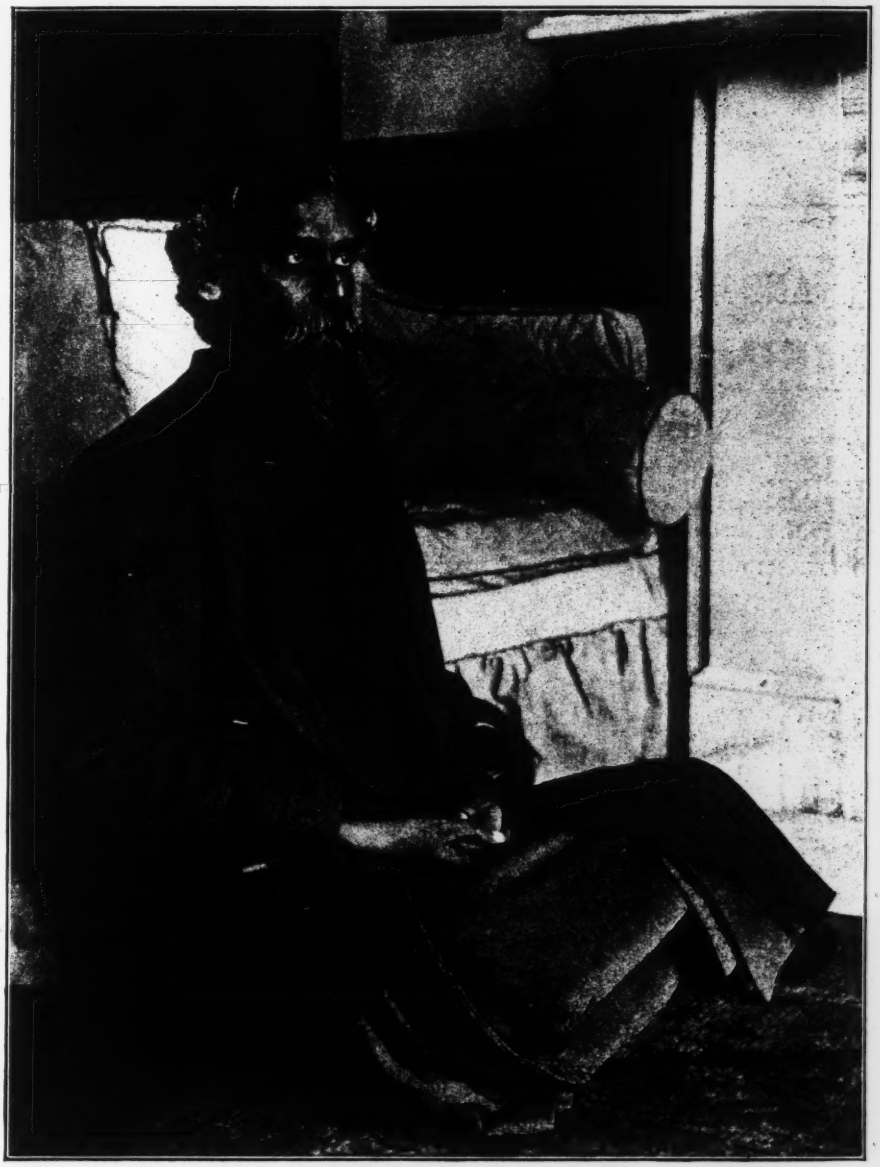

Photo by John Trevor.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

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THE BOOKMAN GALLERY:
RALPH HODGSON. By George Landor.
THOMAS BURKE. By Edwin Pugh.
NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London. E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The 18th of July is the centenary of Jane Austen's death, and it is felt that this is a fit opportunity to raise some tribute to her memory beyond the memorials in Winchester Cathedral. It is proposed to place a tablet upon Chawton Cottage, near Alton, Hants, recording the fact that she lived there from 1809 to 1817. The tablet will be executed by Mr. Evelyn Simmons, L.R.I.B.A. Subscriptions can be sent to Miss Constance Hill, Grove Cottage, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.3, or to John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.1, or to Mr. Jefferson Jones, John Lane Company, 116, West 32nd Street, New York. The following have consented to act on the Committee: The Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Latymer, Sir Frederic Pollock, Bart., Sir Robert Hudson, Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll, The Dean of Norwich, Clarence Graff (of New York), W. D. Howells (U.S.A.), W. J. Locke, and C K. Shorter.

In the June number of the Norwich Public Library *Readers' Guide*, the Librarian, Mr. George A. Stephen, has some useful notes on Jane Austen, an annotated list of her works and of the principal books relating to her.

Captain A. J. Dawson.

We have heard a good deal of late about round pegs in square holes and wasted man-power. But it is clear that the authorities do sometimes utilise a man's best abilities in precisely the direction in which the greatest possible advantage can be gained from them. There are some men of whom the nation has made the very best possible use during the war, in that they have been able to give the whole of themselves to the country's service, in a variety of different capacities. This may most truly be said of Captain A. J. Dawson, of the Border Regiment, whose name appeared recently in the *Gazette* among names of officers honoured by France, upon whom the President of the French Republic had conferred the Croix de Guerre. Captain Dawson was also mentioned in dispatches some time ago for his distinguished services in the war.

Before the war, Captain A. J. Dawson was best known as an author, traveller, journalist, and lecturer, and a notably keen worker in each of these capacities for the furtherance of such causes as Empire patriotism and unity, Duty and Discipline, and universal training for national defence. More

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than a score of books stand to his credit, demonstrating his first-hand experiences in every continent and upon all the seven seas; and, whilst a recognised authority upon Empire and Colonial affairs, equally well known in Canada, Africa and Australasia, he has also written a number of books displaying a curiously intimate knowledge of such little known countries as Morocco.

In 1907 his book, "The Message," dealing in a singularly moving manner with the German menace to Britain, attracted wide attention. A committee was formed to extend its teaching, which was warmly endorsed by such people as the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, Viscount Milner, Earl Grey, the Earl of Meath, and others. Such organisations as the National Service League made excellent use of "The Message" in many parts of the Empire, and all the critics agreed as to its outstanding literary merit; but at that period the bulk of the British public still cherished an almost pathetic credulity and trustfulness regarding Germany's honesty and good faith, and flatly refused to be warned in time.

In 1908, after a journey—the first of a series—through Canada, in which he addressed large gatherings in most of the capitals, Captain Dawson was instrumental in launching, under the proprietorship of Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Pearson, a weekly British Empire newspaper: *The Standard of Empire*, which he edited for five years, during which period, apart from other patriotic ends served with consistent enthusiasm and ability, this journal led directly to an immense amount of general publicity being given to Empire interests in the Home Press.

Captain A. J. Dawson. **Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.**

(By courtesy of the *Daily Graphic*.)

Six months before the war broke out, Captain Dawson returned to England from a year of travel in Australia, the East, and South Africa. He was considerably over military age, and, like many others, was summarily rejected in a number of different recruiting offices in which he endeavoured to tell plausible lies about the number of his years. In this, no doubt, the two breakdowns of health he had experienced between 1907 and 1913 told against him. But he immediately found other war work, and, armed with a written message from the late Lord Kitchener, he launched the Standard Recruiting Scheme, and was responsible for the enlistment of thousands of recruits in and around London. He also joined the late Mr. Harry Cust as first organising secretary of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organisations, under the presidency of the then Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour.

Despite all difficulties he presently obtained a Commission, and was gazetted to the Service Battalion to which Lord Lonsdale gave his name: the 11th, of the Border Regiment, commanded by the late Lt.-Colonel P. W. Machell, C.M.G., D.S.O., one of the finest of the fine soldiers who lost their lives on July 1st, 1916. His first months of training, in 1914, were spent with his battalion near Carlisle. On February 1st, 1915, he obtained his captaincy, and was given command of a company, which command he held without a break until invalided out of trenches opposite La Boiselle in 1916. After coming "Back to Blighty," and when he left hospital, he was attached to the Intelligence Department at the War Office.

No matter how good his record in the fighting line before he was gassed and broke down, it is safe to say that Captain Dawson could hardly have served the Allied cause more truly or with more distinction than he has served it in his war writings, which have helped materially to make the British effort understood and appreciated in every part of the world. Those of these writings which have taken book form have been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and, in addition to the first little book, "How to Help Lord Kitchener," include three volumes illustrated by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, namely, "For France!" (C'est pour la France), which records recent experiences while attached to the French Army; "Somme Battle Stories," whose title explains its character, and "Back to Blighty," which records the personal experiences of men wounded on the Western front. Captain Dawson contributed a preface to a remarkable human document among war books published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., under the title "From a 'Temporary Gentleman' in France"; and the literary and journalistic world has recognised his vigorous and finished penmanship in a great deal of the best anonymous contributions of war interest which during the past year have helped to strengthen and make clear the cause for which we fight, and the manner of our fighting. He has also contributed a preface to a remarkable volume of war sketches by another serving officer, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of "Lieutenant Billy Impett and His Orderly."

Of his war books it may fairly be said that they could only have been written by a soldier, and by one who has commanded men in the fighting line in the present war. It also may be said that soldierly abilities alone could not have produced them. They have been distinguished by a note of lofty patriotism, and illumined throughout by that sort of vividly real first-hand knowledge which was painfully acquired by officers commanding companies in the firing line in France through the grim months that came before the Somme push, and before we possessed the superb concentration of guns and munitions generally which we now have in France. It is not often that the front line soldier has twenty years of highly trained professional literary craftsmanship behind him. When he has, as in Captain Dawson's case, the records of what he has seen and felt are naturally impressive. In this case they also are of more thrilling interest than any fiction.

Mr. John Long is publishing forthwith "The Diary of a Russian Lady," by Barbe Doukhovskoy.

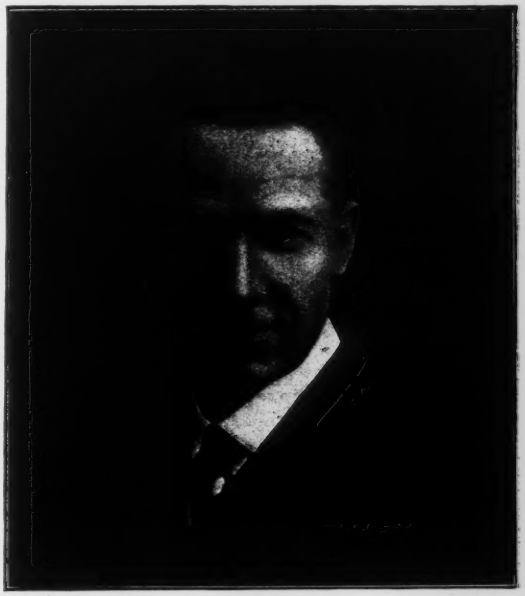


Photo by Hana Studios, London.

Mr. Harry Lauder,

whose new book, "Harry Lauder's Logic," Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward are publishing.

The author is the daughter of the Russian Prince Galitzine and wife of General Doukhovskoy.

"Tommies Two," a collection of amusing sketches and stories by Miss Blanche Wills Chandler, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The stories are of soldiers at home and in the trenches.

Mr. Herbert Ward,

the distinguished author, artist, traveller and lecturer, whose latest book, "Mr. Poilu," was published recently by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Photo: Rosemont Studios, Leeds.

Driver Clifford Flower (R.F.A.).

Driver Clifford Flower, of the R.F.A., who was killed in action in France last April, was another of the many young soldiers of the new Army who have given promise of literary distinction. He offered himself for enlistment on the outbreak of war, and being rejected because he was half an inch short of the regulation height, wrote to Lord Kitchener, saying, "My lord, I have answered your appeal, will you answer mine?" A document came by return from the War Office directed to the Recruiting Officer, instructing him to "enlist the bearer, Clifford Flower, at once." One of the latest of his poems was this recollection of "Easter—Home Again," on leave (the "Len" referred to is his brother):

"The wheels of the train sing a full-toned song
As they rattle the hours of waiting along,
And soon I am swinging across the street
To the rhythm of joy which my pulses beat,
To arrive at the gate which creaks as of old,
Its bars of iron seem like pillars of gold
Flashing behind as I leap to the top
Of the clean-scoured steps, then, brought to a stop,
I ring at the bell, give the firm hand to Len,
And I'm fast in your arms, and home again."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RALPH HODGSON.

NOT many times in a generation has the literary chronicler an opportunity of recording the rise to fame of a new poet, and even when he does so he is like enough to be wrong, for fame and poetry are fickle friends, and what looks like the true combination to-day is disproved to-morrow. We can all recall instances. But with Ralph Hodgson it is different. It is only by external appearances that he may be said to have *leapt* into fame; the reality has been of far slower growth. Several of the finest items in his new book of "Poems" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net) appeared between five and six years ago in *The Saturday Review*, and as far back as 1907 his first volume, "The Last Blackbird and Other Lines," was published. Within the decade 1907–1917 the art of Ralph Hodgson has been winning, at first slowly and latterly with increasing speed, the recognition which was bound to come to it sooner or later. About midway in the period, to be precise, in the year 1913, an interesting amateur publishing venture gave his work the chance of attracting wider attention, which it immediately took.

This venture, now widely known among bibliophils and lovers of what is fine in literature and original in art and publishing, as the "Flying Fame Chapbooks," was the result of the enthusiasm of three friends whose tastes in literature and art at that time coincided. Their initials (L.F., R.H., and H.J.) may be read on the imprints of the early chapbooks. It is not generally known, but no secret, that these initials stand for Lovat Fraser (the artist, not the writer), Ralph Hodgson and Holbrook Jackson. These three forgathered at the studio of the former in Roland Gardens, Kensington, and there they evolved their series of chapbooks and broadsides, produced mainly for their own delight, but surprising them by attaining to something perilously like a popular success of a limited kind. The first of the quaintly designed of the now familiar sixpenny yellow-covered chapbooks was "Eve and Other Poems," by Ralph Hodgson; within a month a second edition was printed. Then followed in the same year (1913) "The Mystery and Other Poems," "The Bull," and "The Song of Honour," by the same poet, the latter winning for him the £100 Polignac Prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature. To the series of broadsides issued by "Flying Fame," Hodgson contributed the following poems: "February," "A Song," "The Bird-catcher," "The Late, Last Rook," "Playmates," "The Beggar," and "The Gipsy Girl," all in the initial and following year of the foundation of the press. "The Song of Honour" and "The Bull" had previously appeared, like "Eve," in *The Saturday Review*. August, 1914, diverted attention to other matters. Ralph Hodgson has been disinclined to issue further poems during the war, and his only appearances in print since the European tragedy began have been in two anthologies—"A Cluster of Grapes" (1914) and the second book of "Georgian Poetry" (1915)—and in March last, when his beautiful poem, "The Bride," was printed in the first number of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's pocket literary monthly, *To-day*; in addition, of course, to the superb little volume which has just been issued from the house of Macmillan, containing his best work, and certainly, in my opinion, the finest body of poems brought under one cover from one pen during recent years.

Not least interesting in the progress towards recognition of the poems, is the fact that they have won through, unaided by any support save their own sterling merit. Ralph Hodgson has neither sought nor desired fame or fuss. He would continue writing poems for himself and his intimate friends even though he remained unknown to a wider public Further, his poetry is only incidental in his life. He can in no sense be

called a typical man of letters; nor does he look with a kindly eye upon the personal side of journalism which pries into a man's private life and makes a parade of his whims and fancies. His contact with the public begins and ends with his poems and those all too rare prose articles of his which, without achieving the distinction of his verse, possess characteristics which mark them out among such work. Legitimate curiosity may, however, be satisfied to the extent of saying that he was born in Yorkshire about forty-five years ago, lived for a short time in America, worked as a pressman in Fleet Street, and now holds a commission in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He is a gifted draughtsman; was once attached to the pictorial staff of an evening paper; and, just before the war, he was editor of *Fry's Magazine*. This last is not surprising to those who know the man or his poems. He is a keen lover of nature and the open-air life; a born observer of birds and, indeed, all the small wild creatures of these islands, and an unsentimental but profound lover of dogs. He understands them, and they readily respond to his knowing words and touches. His favourite dog is the bull terrier, and he is the leading authority on this breed; his knowledge being in demand for judging purposes at Cruft's and other important shows. It was largely through his instrumentality that the cruel and absurd custom of docking the tails and clipping the ears of these dogs was abolished.

In one sense Ralph Hodgson is not a bookman, although he is a keen lover of good writing, likes a piece of good binding, and a well set up volume, and was once something of a bibliophile. His main interests are with life, which, whether human or wild, he loves to observe and enjoy. A walk with him in the country is an unforgetable experience, for he sees twice as much as the average observer, and equally memorable is a talk with him in town, for his remarks on men and books are also the result of original observation and stalwart conviction. Frank in statement and as sincere as he is fearless in opinion, Ralph Hodgson is very English in outlook, maintaining in his personality and the literary work which is its reflection and his best portrait, those traditions which reveal our native character at its best if not always its most familiar aspects. In poetry his tastes are severely eclectic. He has the knack of selecting the cream of a bard and scrapping the rest; though little addicted to enthusiasm, he is inclined to let himself go on his favourite, Shelley. He is at his happiest when talking about Shelley or bull terriers.

Of the place of his own work in modern poetry it is too early to speak. The hand of the master is discernible all through his poems, even in those in "The Last Blackbird," which volume contains his juvenilia. The outstanding features of his attitude towards life are sympathy with nature and honourable action. Beauty, whether that of persons or things, is not wholly æsthetic with him; it is indissolubly linked with moral and physical fitness. Above all it is never the sense of beauty which sets up idle and mawkish yearning. It is the beauty of perfect poise and ripeness. There is no conscious craving for happiness. Joy is the key-note of his poetry, which is distinguished from happiness, as what is inward and contained is from what is outward and added. To give a simple instance: Stevenson yearned for happiness, like a peevish child, singing as a reminder:

"The world is so full of a number of things—
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

On the other hand Hodgson, being happy, knows that:

"God loves an idle rainbow,
No less than labouring seas."

Again, when he reveals pleasure in an appearance which is in itself pleasing, he does not pretend that it has entire and exalted beauty:

"She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years;
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears:

"I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat."

Note the words "showy" and "flashy," common, colloquial words making poetry none the less, and, above all, abolishing, by frank admission, patronage of essential beauty. Ralph Hodgson's sense of beauty is the *morale* of his song. It is strong, radiating health and courage. He hymns it in the majestic "Song of Honour"—the most inspiring song of our day:

"The song of each and all who gaze
On Beauty in her naked blaze,
Or see her dimly in a haze,
Or get her light in fitful rays
And tiniest needles even,
The song of all not wholly dark,
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
Too deep for groping Heaven . . . "

And he continues and particularises his exalted catalogue with fine excess from "the music of a lion strong" through "the twitter of a mouse among melodious greenery," and "everything that gleams and goes lack-lustre in the sea" to "the song of men all sorts and kinds," and to "the whole harmonious hymn of being" which he hears in "the chapel of his soul."

His sympathies with the beasts of the field are revealed at their best in the noble poem called "The Bull," which incidentally exhibits his deep insight into nature. Never for a moment is his exaltation inhuman. Hodgson is a man first—an artist in words afterwards; which explains certain irregularities in his verse which may irritate the over-nice and academic. At the same time his poems are obviously long-pondered and not thrown off easily in idle mood. He writes little, neither living to write nor writing to live, and consequently his poems are born with a definite ripeness—the fruit of much inward tuning. Finally, the high seriousness of his note is never ponderous, you are not weighed down with his spiritual message. He can be playful, as in the lyric, "Eve"—which is really a tragedy seen from a bravely sympathetic attitude—and in the equally tragic burden of time with its quaint refrain:

"Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?"

To be finely serious and serenely sane at one and the same time is the business of real poetry: Ralph Hodgson succeeds in it.

GEORGE LANDOR.

THOMAS BURKE.

By EDWIN PUGH.

THERE would seem to be a divine rightness and appropriateness about names, and especially about those affectionate diminutives and variations which we call nicknames. A nickname is in itself a hall-mark of popularity. It stands for good fellowship, companionableness. I am as sure, for example, that the poets Moore and Hood, however genteelly they may figure on the title pages of collected editions of their works, were always called Tom and referred to as Tom by their familiars, as I am that Carlyle was invariably known as Thomas (or possibly Tammas) even to his intimates. There are said to be distinctions without a difference, but there is a world of difference in this distinction between the formal name and the nickname. Think of Richard and Dick, Mary and Polly. Or, rather, try to think of the present Lord Curzon as Nat, of the Lord Mayor's coachman as Fatty or Tubby. The very suggestion is an outrage upon propriety. Yet Jonson, himself Ben to his cronies, speaks of Shakespeare as Will—who asked, "What's in a name?" and straightway proceeded to stultify himself by talking about the scent of the rose instead of the roll of the drum.

In "Nights in Town" the author introduces us to himself through the medium of his stalking-horse Georgie, thus: "This is Mr. Burke—young Tommy Burke. . . . This is young Tommy." And there you have the subject of this appreciation in half a dozen words. He is of the very essence of youth, the very quintessence of Tommyness.

Small, slight, spare, but very erect and buoyant, with rather peaked shoulders and a sprightly, almost mincing carriage, he walks as if on tiptoe, delicately as Agag. He has a pale intent face and sleek black hair brushed back from the forehead in the modern fashion borrowed from America. The features, the outlines of the profile, are fine and sharp, the lips thin and compressed, the eyes (behind their glasses) a wistful, pensive grey. Indeed, the general expression of the face in repose is wistful, pensive. In moments of abstraction Tommy Burke thinks visibly; the brows pucker, the mouth tightens. He nods and murmurs "'M!" and you can see that he is very far away. In other moods, however, he seems to light up from within like a lantern; he glows and sparkles; he bubbles and chuckles with merriment; or he speaks with quiet incisive emphasis; there is a hint of restrained passion in his softly-modulated voice.

As you will gather incidentally from his writings he has a large capacity for scorn. He dislikes and despises shams, affectations, poses. Himself not only unafraid but exulting in being himself, he cannot understand or tolerate insincerity in others. And always he thinks for himself; he has the intellectual courage which declines to accept any standards of conduct or canons of art merely because they have been long established. He has no liking for pretty-prettiness, yet even so, I think, he would prefer what he calls the art of the chocolate box and the biscuit tin to the frozen bloodlessness and massive stateliness of the Greek ideal. He is all for the jolly, rowdy side of life, the riot and movement, the odour and clamour, the sharp impacts and soft warm contacts of the flesh. This in his more human and less austere moments, as when he writes:

"Surbiton . . . I shall certainly not go. I know it too well. Surbiton is one of those comfortable, solid places, and I loathe comfortable places. I always go to Hastings and avoid St. Leonards. I always go to Margate and fly from Eastbourne. I always go to Southend and give Knocke-sur-Mer a miss. I like Clacton. I detest Cromer. I love Camden Town. I hate Surbiton. Surbiton is very much like Hampstead, except that while Hampstead is horrible for 362 days of the year, there are three days in the year when it is inhabitable. On Bank Holidays the simple-minded minor poet like myself can live in it. I was there last August Bank Holiday, and, flushed and fatigued with the full-blooded frolic, I had turned aside to 'cool dahn' in Heath Street, when I ran against some highly respectable and intelligent friends.

"'What?' they said, 'you here to-day? Ah! observing, I suppose? Getting copy? Or perhaps as a literary man you come here for Keats . . . Coleridge . . . and all that?'

"'No,' I answered, 'I come here for boat-swings. I come here to throw sticks at coco-nuts. I come here to buy ticklers to tickle the girls with. I come here for half-penny skips. I come here for donkey rides. I do not come for Keats. I do not care a damn for Coleridge. I do not come to gloat about Turner or Constable or anybody else who lived at Hampstead a hundred years ago. I come here to enjoy myself—for roundabouts, cockles and whelks, steam-organs—which, after all, are the same as Keats or Coleridge. They're Life.'"

Except for that little lapse of observation—one never, of course, "throws sticks at coco-nuts" on Hampstead Heath—this passage, I think, very fairly defines one phase of Tommy Burke's attitude toward the humanities and pomposities of everyday experience.

He has other phases. He is, as I have said before in THE BOOKMAN, at once a poet and a realist. He is also, as I have not had occasion to remark before, a journalist. His first book of prose, "Nights in Town" aforesaid, is essentially journalism in that it is topical and so dates itself. But the old reproach under which journalism suffered—and suffered deservedly, as a rule—has passed away. Some of the most notable of modern books—Mr. H. G. Wells' latter-day novels among them—are more or less journalism in the guise of fiction. So that it is in no spirit of disparagement I describe "Nights in Town" as journalism. The author himself describes it, very aptly, as "A London Autobiography." It is this autobiographical note that constitutes its chief value. But then anything that Tommy Burke wrote would have to be autobiographical. It is a part of his creed, his faith, to eschew the aloofness and impersonality which also belong to the Greek ideal. He does not believe in restraints and reticences. He believes that in art and literature, as in sport and war, it is better to let yourself go than to hold yourself in. And though both methods have their merits I am mostly inclined to agree with him. Not that my agreement or

disagreement matters. A writer, and especially a poet, must be a law unto himself. All our greatest poets, from Chaucer to Whitman, all our greatest novelists, from Sterne to Mark Rutherford, have broken away from old traditions and conventions, and instead of adapting themselves to old formulas have made new formulas for themselves. The swaddling clothes of classicism are for mediocrity. The genius goes naked, but armed and with wings.

Am I suggesting, then, that Tommy Burke is a genius? Well, yes, quite soberly and deliberately, I am. His genius is not as yet full-fledged. As yet it only flutters its wings as if trying them before adventuring on a long, high flight. Only in his poetry does his strength and confidence seem quite assured, and there only now and then. His "Limehouse Nights: Tales of Chinatown" contains two or three short stories which of their kind are as nearly perfect as may be. Their originality is beyond question. They have beauty and force. They have something finer, more subtle: a poignant sense of the sorrow and error, the fatuity and futility of our poor, weak, average human nature that after all links us far closelier together than any of the brave deeds and noble self-abnegations of which we are also capable in our transcendent moments. Somewhere, rather petulantly, very rashly, Tommy Burke says that he has no use for Pity, that it is insolent and arrogant, that it is nearer akin to contempt than love. But I think that if he looks into his own heart, as he reveals it to us in his work, he will find that he does not really mean this. For there is no true pity without sympathy, and sympathy is born of the understanding. Only those who themselves have been made wise by their own suffering have any real pity for the weak and foolish. The false pity of the fool or weakling is born of a sort of vain desire to vindicate his own wisdom and strength. I think it was this would-be, so-called pity that Tommy Burke had in his mind when he wrote as he did. Nay, I am sure of it, for otherwise his realism is without justification. No writer, however great, has the right to heap horror on horror's head for mere sensation's sake. Art demands from its votaries some higher motive than that, some deeper purpose. And that higher motive, that deeper purpose, consciously or unconsciously, is triumphantly apparent on every page of "Limehouse Nights." These wonderful short stories each alike plead for a fuller guerdon of the virtues of compassion and tolerance, mercy and charity, lacking which no man is fit to take another by the hand and call him friend.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Thomas Burke.

But please do not imagine that because I take Tommy Burke seriously he takes himself too seriously. He takes himself just seriously enough never to be dull. For there is nothing more dull than irresponsible flippancy. Tommy Burke is often gay, sometimes a little frivolous, but never flippant. There is ever a sense of humour in the background: that exquisite sense of proportion which chastens and refines both comedy and tragedy; there are occasional outbursts of fun and high spirits; and always wit and grace. Then Tommy Burke has one sure gift unusual in the equipment of the popular writer: he can write. By the witchery of his words he can make you see and feel and share with him his delight in the wonder and the mystery, the loveliness and the holiness of common things and common people. And he has also that miraculous power of illusion which turns the ditch-water of commonplace into the wine of poetry.

I am myself, alas! no poet, and therefore speak as one less wise. But it seems to me that in "London Lamps,"* which contains the bulk of Tommy Burke's best poetry, hitherto shyly hidden away in his first slim booklet of "Verses" or scattered through the various anthologies he has compiled with such rare taste and discrimination—and I have particularly in mind his unique volume, "The Small People," which no happy family should be without; it seems to me that here is poetry indeed.

Here is London indeed, masquerading as Fairyland. And yet it is no masquerade. It is the real London in all its glamorous unreality. It is London as only those who love her may know her. It is the city of the world, of all worlds, of other worlds, and especially the world of make-believe. It is London aflame with life and cold in death, illumined by the magic light that kindles only at the fires of inspiration. It is London as only London lives and breathes, and smiles and sighs, and laughs and weeps, and bourgeons and flowers, in the imagination of her chosen people, the children of her warm heart, the spoil and sport of her whims and fancies, the prophets of her greatness, the seers of her visions.

Maybe it is as the laureate of London, the new London which is to express the spirit of a new world now in hideous travail, that Tommy Burke will achieve whatever measure of immortality may be reserved for him.

* 3s 6d. net (Grant Richards.)

XUM

THE READER.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

By M. Macnicol (Captain, R.A.M.C.).

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Bengali poet who has attained to a sudden and dazzling popularity in East and West, is not a young man, for he is past middle life, nor is the work that has made his name great altogether new.

On a voyage from India to London Rabindranath conceived the idea of translating some of his poems into English, and when he reached his destination these translations were published by the Indian Society. At once this English rendering of the original Bengali songs was hailed as a new and important contribution to English literature, with a note and character all its own. Editions in continuous stream were called for, appreciations appearing in all the leading newspapers and periodicals; and a few months later, when the Nobel prize for literature came to be awarded, it was bestowed on Rabindranath.

Bengal claims to have recognised his greatness all the time, but it is an interesting fact that popularity has come to him even in India through the Western acclamation of his name. He can almost say, like Byron, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," but, unlike Byron, he has attained to popularity after passing through waters so deep and dark that he is unlikely to have his head turned by praise or flattery.

When he arrived in Bombay after his last visit to England, he was met by shouting crowds who wreathed his neck with garlands and eagerly invited him to fêtes in his honour. But he fled quickly from them. In Calcutta, where stands his family home, he found himself again the centre of admiring, pressing multitudes. But his soul cried out for rest and quiet, and he retired to the solitude of remote Bolpur—a country village where he has a house, and where for some years he has maintained a school.

Rabindranath belongs to one of the most talented families in Bengal. His father, Debendranath, was a great religious teacher who ventured to break free from much of the traditions and customs of the past, and to launch out into the deep. But though a religious reformer he was a conservative reformer, and refused to go as far as some of his contemporaries. Like these he desired to lead his country out of the errors of polytheism, and founded a Theistic society—the Adi Brahmo Samaj, which, along with its faith in one God, retains more of the Hindu caste customs and religious ritual than do the other Theistic societies that have arisen in modern India. This father, as implied in the title—Maharshi—by which he was known in the later years of his life, was a saint and seer, living often in Himalayan solitudes, and spending whole days in profound meditation. The household saw but little of him; when he was present in it, the house was hushed and awed, afraid to disturb his thoughts and worship; and Rabindranath tells how as a boy he was very very lonely in this atmosphere and felt like a prisoner. He has said somewhere, "I saw my father but seldom, yet his presence pervaded the whole house, and was indeed one of the deepest unseen influences all through my life."

Rabindranath's school career was undistinguished. The scheme of it was too wooden and conventional for the poet's spirit. But his true teachers were books. New collections of the writings of the old Bengali poets had appeared, and opportunely fell into his hands; to these he attributes his literary awakening. His first poems were imitations of them, and some appeared in print under a pseudonym.

When he was twenty-five he married, and was put in charge of a large estate belonging to the family. Here his hands were fully occupied with practical affairs, financing and the management of men, but there were intervals in his activities, and he tells us that he sometimes spent months without uttering a word. Thus the impulse to write arose within him, and he produced a number of stories of village life, and acquired a considerable reputation as a novelist. Then songs and poems came to him and brought him wider fame.

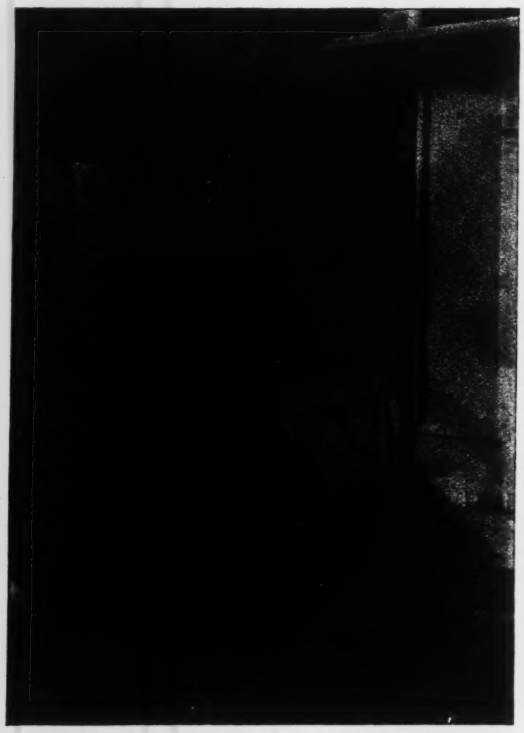


Photo by John Trevor, Hampstead. **Sir Rabindranath Tagore.**

It was at this period that the love songs which we find in "The Gardener" were written, and his verses in praise of his native land. When it is told us that Rabindranath's songs are "sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken," the reference is to the literary output of this epoch. His song, "Sonar Bangla" is a sort of "Rule Britannia" to many of his

compatriots, and has even been the inspiration of some of the most violent anarchists of to-day.

It is a notable fact that these and all Rabindranath's poems are written in the plain daily language of the people. On this account his earlier verses were contemned. They did not conform to classical types, and the metres were vicious: the critics would not recognise them.

His songs to the Motherland, however, are not to be found among the English translations the poet has given us. Whatever their merit, they are not of the poems which have so greatly appealed to us of the West. Perhaps their message would hardly come home to us with power, for their feeling and atmosphere are more local and temporary.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore.
From "Personality," by Sir Fabindranath Tagore (Macmillan).

Even amid all his youthful patriotic fervour and in the most glowing of his love poems Rabindranath was a mystic. He had early seen his vision which made the world and all that it inherits full to him of the near sense of God. His own story of this first vision has been put on record.

"It was morning," he says. "I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street in Calcutta. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole world was one glorious music, one wonderful rhythm. The houses in the street, the men moving, the children playing, all seemed part of one glorious whole—inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Every one, even those who bored me, seemed to lose their outward barrier of personality; and I was full of gladness, full of love for every tiniest thing. . . . That was one of the first things which gave me the inner vision. . . . I have felt ever since that this was my goal—to express the fulness of life, in its beauty and perfection, if only the veil were withdrawn."

To the mystics—and to Rabindranath—the whole world is a symbol of Him who dwells within it, and who alone is real. He went to the Himalayas expecting to find, like his father, that the vision was even clearer to him there, and, as he tells us, *he lost it*.

"When I reached the Himalayas," he writes, "I thought I would have a fuller vision of that which I had witnessed of the glory of Nature in the crowded street. But that was my great mistake. Up there the vision all departed. God, the great Giver Himself, can open out the whole universe to our gaze in the narrow space of a single lane."

While, then, Rabindranath's earlier literary activity must be described as concerning itself with love poems and poems of patriotism rather than with religion and mysticism, there was necessarily and naturally in one who had passed through so striking an experience, a mystical temper which shows itself constantly even in these. The love he deals with may in a sense be an earthly love, but it has in it a note that echoes only to the heavenly love. What we feel in reading the Song of Solomon, we feel to some degree at least in many a song in "The Gardener."

In the great land of ascetics Rabindranath is no ascetic. He delights in all the beauty of nature, in the colours and lights and sounds of Indian life. As you read you can see the women carrying their pitchers to the well, the children at their play, the boats floating down the river, the lights twinkling in the village doorways, the mendicant by the wayside.

It was after severe and repeated bereavement that Rabindranath wrote the songs which strike his deepest note. While but a boy he had lost his mother; but at the age of forty came a crisis in his life. His wife was taken, and then, after a brief illness, his daughter died, and, lastly, his youngest son, the child of his love, was swept off suddenly by cholera. To a friend he has confided his feelings at this time.

"This death was a great blessing to me. I had such a sense of fulness as if nothing were lost. . . . It was not mere resignation that came but the sense of a fuller life. I knew now at last what death was. It was perfection—nothing lost."

Here is what he says of death in "Gitanjali."

"Death, thy servant, is at my door. He has crossed the unknown sea and brought thy call to my home. The night is dark and my heart is fearful, yet I will take up the lamp, open my gates and bow to him my welcome. It is thy messenger who stands at my door."—(*Git.* 86.)

But all through "Gitanjali," whatever of mysticism and spiritual thought is found, there is with it the constant love of nature. To the poet nature is interspersed and permeated with spirit: to see the face of nature is to see the face of God. He is as genuine a nature poet as Wordsworth, "nature's priest." He is always seeking God, who is to him beyond the world, and yet in it too. Not always in his quest successful, he has to complain of mistakes and follies, that trip him up. Sometimes it is his "cursed sleep" that makes him miss the meeting, sometimes he grows tired of waiting, sometimes his meanness and demerit overwhelm him.

In his confessions of unworthiness we need not expect any explicit word as to his soul's sin. If there is little mention of the world and its hold on the singer, of worldly fears, and the anxieties of worldly ambitions, it is because these do not appeal to him. His prayer to his Lord is this: "Strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart." And once he speaks of those who came to him begging to share in his worship, and who "took their seat in a corner, and sat quiet and meek." "But

in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine strong and turbulent and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from God's altar."

The question naturally arises in one's mind as to where all this insight into spiritual things has come from. Who has been his teacher? Where has his conception of God and the unseen had its source? For even if God was Himself the teacher, as who can doubt, it is God's way to make use of means, and not alone to speak directly to the spirit of man. Rabindranath may have had, and must have had, some knowledge of the revelation which is in Jesus Christ and of the Bible, even as his father had. None born in modern India, who have been in touch with the movements and currents of Indian life, can avoid the influence of Christian truth. But yet much of Rabindranath's inspiration has undoubtedly come from Indian sources, "from the Upanishad and from Bengal's Vaisnavite poets." The voice of God speaks even yet to men by the ancient sacred books, for He still, as to the fathers, reveals Himself by divers portions and in divers manners. We can bless Him for His good gift in Rabindranath, and learn from his song. How rich and full may be the contribution that India has to make to the Christian Church when with seers and saints like Rabindranath she comes to take her place at the feet of Jesus Christ.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation in four lines of original verse of the Postwoman.

Photo by Hana. **Miss Elizabeth Ryley,**

whose new novel, "The Soul of June Courtney," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Amelia J. Burr, of Eaglewood, New Jersey, U.S.A., for the following:

AMERICA ARMS.

We thought that reason had mastered men,
That peace of the world was lord,
That never the roll of the drum again
Should quicken the thirsty sword.
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow
And we heard, like the trumpet's din
That levelled the walls of Jericho,
The old, stern cry—"Fall in!"

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed
With a horror past belief.
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed
In her martyr's glory of grief.
Then it came so near that we needs must hear,
For the cry of our murdered kin
Drove in our heart like a searching spear
The call of the hour—"Fall in!"

Not in the flush of a barren thrill
Do we come to our deed at last,
We have weighed our will, we must do our will,
For the doubting time is past.
We have faced our soul in the sleepless night
And what shall we fear but sin?
Not for love of the fight, but for love of the right,
In the name of our God—Fall in!

AMELIA J. BURR.

We also select for printing:

EVENING, 1916.

Twilight has caught this lampless London square
In shadowy nets of grey and purple mist;
And with her secret fingers has laid bare
The evening star, and with her cool lips kissed
The stuccoed houses, till they glimmer fair
And unfamiliar through the darkening air.

And high above the dim street I can see
The wide and tender quiet of the sky
By the revealing darkness suddenly
Made visible. And all the questions die,
Out of my shaken soul, and leave it free
To look an instant on eternity.

(Helen Sichel, 50, Egerton Gardens, London, S.W.3.)

THESE I WOULD TAKE.

These I would take with me when I must go
Into the vastness of the great Unknown,
Into the silence of the Other Side,
Past the strange glory of the Great White Throne—

These I would take: the first faint flush of dawn,
The first soft sigh that soothes the summer day;
The first white star that trembles in the west
Ere the last crimson glory dies away;

The vivid green of grass, a crimson leaf,
The flaming orange of a butterfly,
The flush of pink within a rose's heart,
The tender blue of sudden rain-washed sky:

The comfortable clasp of human hands,
The touch of feathered things, the thrill of fur,
The feel of moss, the spring of purple heath,
And the dear liveness where the pulses stir;

The smell of earth, the scent of burning wood,
The perfume of the roses after rain,
The faint elusive scent of lavender,
The sudden scent of violets in a lane.

These I would take: the sight, the touch, the smell
Of common, earthly, dear, familiar things,
Lest I grow fearful when I hear afar
The flood of music and the stir of wings.

(Alice W. Linford, 17, Linden Road, London, N.15.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Patricia E. H. Dyer (South Shields), A. M. C. Christie (Torquay), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), M. L. P. (Wellingborough), Ivan Adair (Dublin), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Lt. B. H. (Salonica), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), F. M. Butlin (London, N.W.), A. V. Arnold (Sheffield), May C. Yeulett (Virginia Water), Percy T. Cash (Ceylon), Cyril G. Taylor (Charmouth), Enid Guest (Leamington), Madge Duncan (Aberdeen), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Noel Plunket (Charlton), Marguerite Elise Coles (Guernsey), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Marjorie M. Jarvis (Toronto, Canada), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), E. R. L. (Durham), Alangot B. Nambriar (Madras), Lorna C. Lewis (Eastbourne), K. (Catford), D. H. Colbourne (Blackheath), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Amy M. Edwards (Worthing), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), Elsie M. Giles (Edinburgh), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Kathleen Bedford (Brighouse), C. Ransom (Torquay), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), Lance-Corpl. A. T. Turner (B.E.F., France), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Edyth Hinkley (Salisbury), Claude L. Westell (St. Albans), M. Robertson (Bedford), Cecil Baillie (Kilgerran), W. A. Wickham (Woking), Enid D. Woolright (Chelsea), I. May (Barnes), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), H. T. (Birmingham), A. Burton (Hanwell), Sergt. E. Morty (Anerley), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Frederick Willmer (Isle of Man), K. (Derby), J. R. G. Moore (Bushey), G. H. Browning (Watford), Olive Duncan (Oldham), Roselle St. John (Thornton Heath), Winifred Barrows (Dorset), S. M. R. (Hampstead), Private J. P. du Parcq (Bath), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), Mabel E. Godley (Birmingham), Marguerite MacGregor (Hampstead), G. S. Swindells (Birkenhead), G. H. Vallins (Penge), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Frank Lambourne (Jersey), Dorothea Jackson (London, S.E.), Bevan Dawes (Birkdale), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), D. C. Jones (Stourbridge), Noelle Ffrench (Roscommon), B. I. R. Davis (Bath), Maud M. Bruce (Sunningdale), Mary Wiseman (Hendon), Emily A. Crugeen (Sidcup), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Hannah Collier (Reading), Alice Wise (Leicester), Louie M. Andrews (Comber), Lilian Holmes (Charing), D. V. R. (Nidderdale).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss L. Wilson, of 75, Medfield Street, Roehampton, S.W., for the following:

THE PRICE OF COAL. BY H. BRIGHOUSE.

"Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing."
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* 31.

We also select for printing:

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.
BY C. T. BRADY. (Putnam.)

"She gave them some broth *without any bread*."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Madge K. Westcott, 25, Wincanton Road, Southfields, S.W.18.)

THE PURCHASE PRICE. BY RIDGWELL CULLUM.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"Dukes were three a penny."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Miss A. Jolly, Hawthorn, Ribby, Preston, Lancs.)

THE INTRUDER. BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.
(Ward, Lock.)

"When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!"
HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream.*

(Mrs. C. H. Wright, Welton Manor, Brough, E. Yorkshire.)

SEPARATION. BY ALICE PERRIN. (Cassell.)

"She cut off their tails with a carving knife."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Alice Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best tribute to the heroism of our Merchant Service is awarded to W. M. Griffiths, of 20, St. John's North, Wakefield, for the following:

They sought not glory, yet was glory won,
They claimed no honour, save of duty done,
Yet, heirs of English knighthood, even thus,
They challenge Death, lest Death draw near to us.

We select for special commendation the six quatrains sent by Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), 2nd Lieut. Malcolm Hardyman (Ripon), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), John A. Thompson (Heckmondwike), L. D. (Merthyr Vale).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to J. Harper King, of Cheviot, Cecil Park, Pinner, for the following:

The "Ex-Mill Girl,"
whose brilliant novel, "Helen of Four Gates" (Herbert Jenkins), is reviewed in this Number.

THE OUTLOOK FOR RELIGION.

BY DR. W. E. ORCHARD. (Cassell.)

This is a book, written in the author's fearless manner, which will make those who read it to think furiously. It is, in the main, destructive rather than constructive, and, while it claims to show where the Church has failed, it gives no assured guidance as to how it may succeed. The writer, from his standpoint as a pacifist, maintains that the Church, during the war, has not been true to its innermost principles, and declares that its exhibition of compromise will prove a terrible hindrance to its witness in the new days ahead.

We also select for printing:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES.

BY PROF. FLOURNOY. (Constable.)

The importance of this study lies in the lucidity with which the details of James's philosophy are presented, and in its emphasis upon the fact that the philosophy is the man. Vital, concrete, individualist, manifold, James put himself into his philosophy as unreservedly as Whitman did into his poetry. He was concerned not to speak the last word, but to utter *his* word—himself; not to solve a problem, but to reveal an attitude towards life. His opinions may be subjected to criticism, but his vision and his faith deserve, and happily have received, the gratitude of his generation.

(Edward Lewis, Knowle, Braunton, N. Devon.)

THE DISTAFF DREAMERS.

BY MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS. (Hutchinson.)

This book has all the charm and fragrance associated with genuine potpourri. It is sweet without being sickly, and sharp without being acrid—moreover, it exhales an indefinable delightsomeness always to be found in a perfect blend of ancient and modern. There is as much to appeal to readers who delight in antiquity as to those who pride themselves on their modernity—Old London and the people who belong thereto are equally in evidence with those who love the London of to-day! And over all lies the benediction generated by the good lives of those who have "passed over"!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

A STUDENT IN ARMS.

BY DONALD HANKEY. (Melrose.)

A discerning reader runs through the whole gamut of emotions while reading the above. Amazement, relief, distress, exultation, humiliation, pride, shuddering—realisation of what others are doing, fear of national unworthiness when "the crash of peace" arrives; longing to be worthy of the brave boys who face death and worse for us. If to these we add holy joy that from any carcass so loathsome and horrible as that of war, can come forth strength and sweetness, we shall rise from our reading glimpsing some light even in this dark hour, and conscious of something akin to spiritual resilience.

(M. B. Isitt, "Rozel," Wrafton Road, Braunton.)

We select for special commendation from the many other reviews received those by Constance Slater (Birmingham), Thomas E. Kinna (Grahamstown, S.A.), J. J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), E. Webster (Bristol), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), S. M. Margolionth (Brighton), L. A. Sommerville (Wellington, N.Z.), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), Lawrence Tarr (Forest Gate).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss B. F. M. Charlton, of 108, Hanworth Road, Hounslow, S.W.

SHAKESPEARE'S UNDERSTUDY.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A FEW days before this book was published, people who could think of anything but the war were discussing the great Romney *v.* Humphry picture case, and delivering more or less wise saws on it. But few, one thinks, if any, gave utterance to a thought which surely must have occurred to some. Is the business of attributing and questioning authorship in art (whether it be art of design, art of literature, or what not) really an important, a desirable, even a positively legitimate branch of the critic's business? That it is an exceedingly popular one with critics themselves is mere matter of observation; that it is perhaps the most popular with those of the public who pay any attention to critics is hardly a rash proposition. But is it really the critic's business? Is not his business rather to discuss the quality of the work, whether it be Smith's or Brown's, Jones's or Robinson's?

This is, of course, matter for a great deal of argument; for a great deal more than is possible here, or would, even if it were possible, be pertinent and proper. But there can be nothing impertinent or improper in suggesting it; for it is clear from Mr. Robertson's very title, and becomes clearer still from any page of his book, that it is with questions of authorship that he and it are concerned.

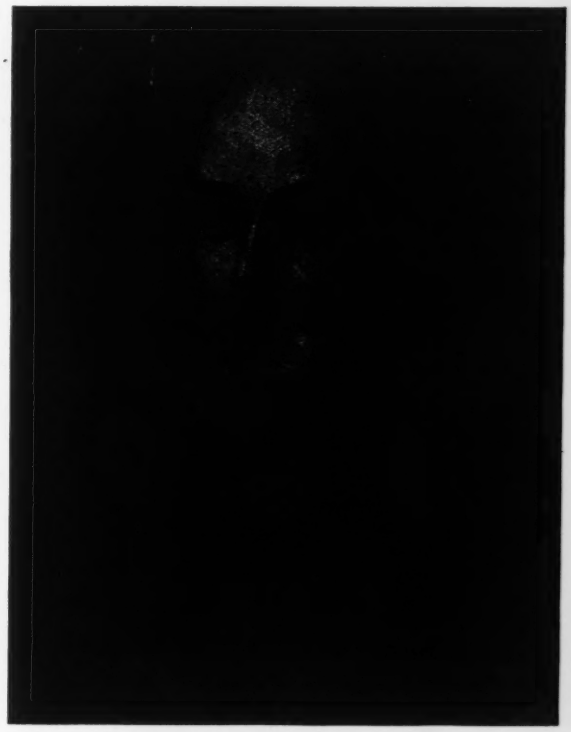
Except by indicating some such general considerations, it would be very difficult to review the book with any adequacy in a small space. For it consists almost

* "Shakespeare and Chapman." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

wholly of citations of individual words and passages—now from the texts, now from previous commentators—which, save by a few samples, it is impossible to survey in detail. But the general method of this attempt to make out that Chapman wrote "A Lover's Complaint," was a frequent collaborator with Shakespeare elsewhere (at least in the sense of furnishing first drafts), and may have been responsible for large parts of some plays, may not unfairly be said to be almost identical with that not, of course, invented, but most vigorously and uncompromisingly practised some forty years ago by the late Mr. Fleay, of whom Mr. Robertson speaks with a respect not often, except on the score of industry, awarded to him recently. You select the author or authors to whom you wish to allot passages in Shakespeare; you examine him and them for specially favourite words, phrases, cadences, grammatical details, etc. Then you turn to the book called "Shakespeare," and see whether you can discover similar things there; then you say: "This is not Shakespeare: it is Marlowe's or Greene's, Chapman's or Dekker's" again etc., etc.

It is, of course, undeniable—it has indeed been already confessed—that this sort of game is wonderfully attractive to some people. It corresponds exactly, in a somewhat higher plane, to those actual puzzles, from words with their spelling jumbled by the help of ivory alphabets to jig-saw, which have been familiar to the Seven Ages of all men, who have lived so long, in our time. There are, moreover, not a few things which may be said, without irony or innuendo, in its favour. It necessitates actual reading of books which eminently deserve to be read; to carry it on with the slightest appearance of success requires an acute and alert mind, great patience and application, an interest in things above the vulgar. Although one may demur somewhat to the term "scholarship" as applied to it—it undoubtedly needs something of the scholar's craft if it is not to fail grossly and ridiculously. But does it, in the vernacular, r e a l l y "come to anything"? Is it, in t h a t l i t t l e Latin dissyllable which means so much m o r e t h a n some w h o l e sentences or even paragraphs, *tanti*?

Mr. Robertson, who is a clever man, thinks that it does come to something, and is worth doing. He even thinks that the case for Chapman's authorship of "A Lover's Complaint" is made out "decisively," and t h e c a s e for his origination of "Timon" "substantially," here. This seems to the present reviewer to be an instance of the d a m a g i n g effect which this kind of inquiry has upon the inquirer. It is doubtless by no means certain — indeed there is hardly any evidence and very little probability—that Shakespeare wrote "A Lover's Complaint," and Chapman might very conceivably have written it. But to establish authorship decisively needs evidence of which one fairly careful and critically exercised reader can find nothing in Mr. Robertson's book. As for the case of "Timon" one must, without flippancy, say that "shadow" would be a much better word than "substance." There is, one must suppose, an impassable gulf fixed between the class of mind which perceives "substantial" evidence in the fact that the phrase "leaves no tract" occurs both in "Timon" and in a play of Chapman's, and the class of mind which absolutely refuses to see in this any evidence at all. Once more, let it be said that there is here no attempt to deny that something in "Timon" may have been originally Chapman's. Everybody out of Bedlam knows that Shakespeare "commandeered" (as he had a right to commandeer) in every possible way and matter, from plot to diction. Also, the Elizabethan House of Literature was such a "clearing-house" or "blending-vat" of all the wits (together with some of the fools) of the time that absolutely "neat" production is very likely rare. Chapman may have something to do with "Timon" and with other things; it has always been a notion of the present writer that Shakespeare may have had and kept by him, sometimes for a very long time, first drafts, certainly of his own and perhaps of other men's, which he filled in and "wrote over" later. But he had also an unrivalled originality and, if not a divine, an almost diabolic power of imitation and assimilation. Other people are very seldom like him; but he is quite often like them; and to take the likenesses as proofs of their authorship is as unnecessary as it is uncritical.



Shakespeare.
From the Droeshout portrait in the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.

Two points in Mr. Robertson's very interesting book remain to be noticed. He is much too acute not to perceive that his method is liable to be confused with that of the Baconians. In fact it *is* that of the lamented Mrs. Pott (not of Eatanswill) when she traced "Is it Possible?" to Shakespeare and Bacon both, and thereby exposed herself to the inference of a ribald reviewer that George of Denmark wrote b o t h B a c o n and Shakespeare. All students of the subject know that on this point Mr. Robertson is sound. But will he excuse us if we say that the distinction between his method and theirs seems to us capable of rather dangerous "retorsion" by any Baconian who happened for the moment to be able to argue? He

speaks of their "infinite mania of assigning to Bacon the bulk of Elizabethan literature." Far be it from us to accuse him of any mania. But does not his own method lead to assigning the composition of "Shakespeare" to the majority of Elizabethan dramatists?

Another point, and the last. Mr. Robertson concludes by arguing against certain "idolaters" of Shakespeare who will not have their idol touched. It is not quite clear who these are. At one moment they seem to be those who see beauties in "Titus Andronicus," as the present writer thanks Apollo he himself does. But in another place, the idolaters seem to be those who think that Shakespeare "concerned himself about the invention of plots"—a delusion which only the most ignorant or the most unintelligent could now possibly entertain. So perhaps we need not trouble very much about them.

There are not a few other things in the book on which, if there were only room, it would be interesting to dwell; the excursus on the personal relations of the two title-poets (which might have been carried further if it was touched at all) being the chief of them. Whether, when Mr. Robertson tells us that "some" (the usual polite variant for "I") would be thankful to know that Shakespeare "did not descend to such elementary trifling," it does not show symptoms of a certain "idolatry" might be a question worth discussing. Which is the more idolatrous?—to hold that your idol is sometimes *impar sibi?* or to assign everything that you do not like in his attributed work to some one else? But let us end, as our author ends, by saying: "Let us get first at the main literary facts." Is *anything* dealt with in this book a main literary fact? George Borrow—with his not uncommon habit of getting near, but not quite to, a finality—once laid it down that: "The goodness of ale does not so much depend upon who brews it as upon what it is brewed of." If he had added "the manner in which it is brewed, and, above all, the satisfaction experienced when it is drunk" he would have concluded the matter. In regard to literature the three last points—Borrow's second and our two—will supply subjects for the study and the delectation of any rational man's life in regard to Shakespeare. We surely need not (to shift the domestic metaphor from brewing to weaving) transfer our energies to the task of constructing endless Penelope-webs of theory as to authorship, no one of which has much more substance than a spider's, and every one of which, historically, has been broomed down, or torn out of the loom, to give place to another.

SHAKESPEARE AND AMERICA.*

By MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D.

IT was a happy thought of certain public-spirited citizens to utilise this park as a means of recalling to New Yorkers and to Americans generally, through the institution of the Shakespeare Garden, the memory of the author whose literature constitutes so important a bond among English-speaking people throughout the world. This little oak tree, which comes to us from the home of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, may bring to our thought all for which Shakespeare has stood during the last four-and-a-half centuries. We are gathered here to honour the memory of the man whose original thought and exquisite fancy have, during centuries, illumined the literature of English-speaking peoples and of the world. The real men and women born on this earth play their parts on the stage of life and pass away behind the scenes; but to the men and women who were born in the brain of Shakespeare has been given the privilege of immortality.

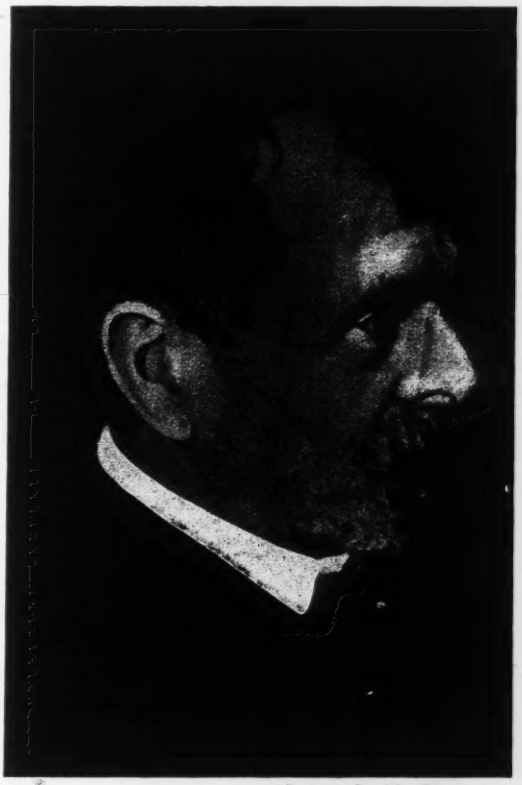
My word to-day has to do simply with the influence of Shakespeare's thought in furthering the relationship between English-speaking peoples, including many thousands not of English heritage who, in accepting membership in English-speaking communities, have adopted English thought and the inspiration of English literature. It has been said more than once that Americans have full claim to part-ownership in the productions of all the writers of England whose work was done before 1776, the date of the political cleavage between our American Colonies and the Mother Country. I am myself never willing to admit that literary kinship has, or ought to have, any direct concern with political boundary lines or political control. We Americans of English heritage, and all Americans of whatever kin who have accepted citizenship in our American State, may claim, and should claim, all that English literature has produced this side of 1776 as well as during the earlier centuries. In the world of literature, citizens group themselves, not under any authority of political names or lines, but according to their own mental and spiritual sympathies. Each man accepts for his guidance the thought which is nearest to his own ideals, but such acceptance is, of course, more natural and easier when the reader has the advantage of possessing a common tongue with the writer.

The thought of Shakespeare, most directly expressed in our English tongue, has become universal. His work belongs to the world's literature and, however much may have been lost in rendering it into language other than English, it remains true that Shakespeare has for centuries been a world-power. He cannot be monopolised by us English folk, but it is also true that chief among all the writers of English he stands for the thought, the humour, the ideals of humanity which are common to America and to England. Even though Shakespeare wrote before there was an America, he must be accepted as the first of the great links which, in spite of differences and even of separation, have kept together the two great communities.

At this time, when the citizens of the Republic are called upon for united action in a great Cause, when they are to work and to fight together for the defence

* An address delivered on the recent planting of an oak tree from Stratford-on-Avon in Shakespeare's Garden, Central Park, New York.

of the Republic and for the fulfilment of the duty of the Republic in the great world-struggle for the preservation of civilisation against barbarism, we are reminded that our population is made up of very diverse factors. The Republic has, in its wide open hospitality, gathered into its borders men from all parts of the world, representing all races, languages, religions and prejudices, carrying with them into the new world many of the animosities which had coloured their life in the old. But the control of the Republic has always rested, and will still rest, with the men of English heritage. The process of assimilating the others may be slow, but it is irresistible. Those, constituting perhaps three-fifths of our population, who are of heritage other than British, are accepting, because they must accept, the control of English law; they are accepting, because it is unavoidable, the influence of English literature. It is because of this law and because of this literature that we Americans are to-day an English folk. It is because the Colonies began their constitutional life under the guidance of English common law, and in the later years based their own statutes very largely on the lines of English statutory law, and it is because, through all the years since the coming of the Pilgrims, our people have taken in with their English literature the ideals, aspirations, methods of thought, and mental sympathies of English writers on the other side of the Atlantic, that the English spirit has continued to control our Republic. Through the years since 1783, there has been, notwithstanding bitter quarrels and well-founded grievances, a steady preparation for the mutual recognition of their common purpose in this world, which is expressed to-day by the coming together of the two peoples in the great world-fight.



Major G. H. Putnam.

Shakespeare, and the writers since Shakespeare, have done their part in making possible this alliance between the United States and Great Britain. I may recall among such writers my father's old friend, Washington Irving. Irving went to England for his first long sojourn just at the close of the war of 1812–1814. It was a time when there was much bitterness between the two countries. Americans resented the haughty arrogance of their British cousins, and it was difficult for an Englishman to believe that there could be among those impudent Yankees any soundness of understanding, any refinement of thought. Americans were not wanted in England. They were disliked, ridiculed. We were fortunate in being able to send as a literary ambassador a man who, through his personality, did much to remove the silly prejudice, based as all prejudices are based, upon ignorance. Irving, while a patriotic American, showed that he was able to understand, to appreciate, to sympathise with, English thought and English feeling. Certain of his books, including those which secured the widest appreciation on both sides of the Atlantic, such as "The Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," are in style and spirit strikingly bi-national. "The Sketch Book"—with its wonderful pictures of the spirit of London, of the country life of the English squire, with that charming appreciation, in the essay on Stratford-on-Avon, of what Shakespeare had meant for England, America and the world—contains, associated with these same exquisite pictures of England, two most characteristically American sketches which are among the best remembered of Irving's writings, "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow." These stories gave evidence that America was capable of imagination, and that it was as possible to secure inspiration from legends on the shores of the Hudson as on the banks of the Avon.

"The Sketch Book," read by thousands in England, and for years frequently referred to by Englishmen as the work of an English author, endeared itself to American readers because it used so exquisitely American scenes and American legends. The same was true of "Bracebridge Hall," characteristically English, even in its title, and yet containing in "Dolph Heyliger" a most characteristic piece of American description and American humour. Irving's personality, no less than his literature, gave the English a new impression of Yankee possibilities. From the land of barbarism and of impudence came this charming gentleman, a man who, while a strong American patriot, could speak, and speak honestly, of all that the new Republic owed to its Motherland.

The first cultivated American traveller, it was Irving's good fortune to render service as the first of the Americans who have acted as connecting links between the two countries. No successor was able to do so much for the furthering of this sympathetic relationship, but the work was continued by later American citizens like my father, long a resident in England, by authors like Lowell, by jurists and statesmen like Bayard, John Hay, Joseph Choate. It has proved to be impossible to keep the people apart, and now the time has come to recognise that the destinies of the two great English-speaking States lie together. We have not only the same ideals, but the same interests and political beliefs. We

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hold together for representative government, for the rights of men, for the protection of the smaller peoples. We are together in our antagonism, steadfast and abiding, against the so-called "divine State," the claim of Imperial militarism to dominate the world. We shall, I trust, when economic education has progressed further within our own community, be together yet in upholding freedom of trade among the nations as the best assurance of a continuity of peaceful relations. The rights of men to the largest possible freedom of intercourse are naturally to be connected with the rights that they already enjoy of free interchange of thought. It is by means of the thought borne by literature, described by the Greeks as the "winged word," that men learning to think together may learn to act together. It is not an exaggeration to say that Shakespeare and the English and American literary workers who followed Shakespeare, are largely responsible for the relationship that has to-day been secured between America and Great Britain. We are here to-day to make this acknowledgment and to honour the memory of the first great connecting link between England and America.

New Books.

TAGORE'S NEW BOOKS.*

Tagores soon will be as plentiful as Turners. Like that of the master painter, Tagore's genius glows even where workmanship is rough. The three new volumes are uneven in themselves, and as compared with one another. In a sense they are supplementary; the volume of essays throws light on the Festival Play: and through them one is able to picture the author of the collection of images, aphorisms, and paradoxes that has something in common with the "Gitanjali" and "Fruit Gathering."

"Personality" contains six lectures delivered in America. The most general in appeal is a simple account of the school, or *ashram*, the author's attempt to continue in these days the traditional forest sanctuary of ancient India.

The scheme has kinship with the Perse School at Cambridge. Tagore, the mature Indian sage, and Caldwell Cook, the young British master, have the same object in view. They seek to draw out the instincts, to release them towards knowledge, rather than to blow out young brains with the bellows. Tagore plans the school life on the knowledge that all boys are born poor, and that "living richly is living mostly by proxy." Simple furniture and material are used. Boys are encouraged to work informally, on the assumption that it is more fitting to climb a tree to study botany than to read at a desk. Those with no apparent liking for music are allowed to hear songs as a recreation. (I was ordered to "practise" before breakfast, and the author hints that his schooldays were really trying.) But Tagore's boys heard the "Gitanjali" casually, as they were composed. Lyrical dramas have been written for their performance. "The Cycle of Spring" is of these. The young Indians enjoy Browning in Bengali, and become artists by second nature before they have time to acquire a taste for stucco, ragtime, and written things that are not literature.

The young too often are frightened by the splendid. Lost taste is akin to broken nerves. "Our emotions are the gastric juices," says Tagore in "What Is Art," a lecture that unravels the thoughtful knots tied by Tolstoy. Art to Tagore neither is the "catering" of a European capital, nor the social surgery and inoculation of, say, Ibsen or Brieux. "The building of man's true world is the function of Art." This true world is truth and beauty, sensuous yet spiritual. "Man's civilisation is built upon his surplus," which may be T.N.T., or the wrought building of the Moghals, which even in ruin is more beautiful than much that arises now.

The lecture on "Meditation" lies midway between our Western idea of prayer and the practices of Raja Yoga. The boys at the school are obliged to be silent for fifteen minutes each morning, even though they watch squirrels. For the very squirrels climb upwards, and regular silence grows into prayer, the contemplation of OM, the Infinite, and of the Creator, who in Sanskrit is Mother as well as Father, "not by confusion of substance but by Unity of Person."

This leads to a study of "Woman" in the modern world. We Westerns have been pleased to consider Oriental thought upon women as barbarous. Yet not all of us, in Meredith's phrase, have rounded Cape Turk.

To Tagore it seems that the Western women have sought to adapt themselves to a masculine world, even to force equality, rather than to develop their own nature and restore the balance where most needed. "Women have the vital power more strongly in them than we have," while men, further from the central forces, spread their energies and radiate outwards. By no means does Tagore seek to limit all women to the domestic life, though the mothers of the race are bound continuously with life and growth. But he doubts whether Western emancipation is in the direction of development. It may be a mere approximation of woman's outlook and ambition to the ordinary male point of view; and the capture of a few prerogatives. He would have women humanise the world, rather than excel within the limits of existing civilisation.

Tagore's refusal to accept verdicts as philosophies stamps his book original, and therefore formative. The manner gains in intimacy and perhaps suffers in style by reason of the lecture form.

"The Cycle of Spring" is one of those Festival Plays acted at the forest school. It is designed to be played on a stage with two levels, as in Greek drama. There is unity of time and, save for imagination, of place also. Song-preludes and interludes are used as in English choral drama. Prose is used for the dialogue, and lyric verse for the preludes, so that one has an almost perfect art-form, simple enough to be played by boys, yet a very malleable medium for poetry.

The introduction reminds one of the Abbey Theatre, and the idea of Winter, the dreadful Old Man, returning as Spring, the Eternal Youth, is as dramatic as the conception of Cathleen ni Houlihan, as a race symbol. In the execution of this supreme conception the author seems to come short of his aim. But one should allow for the fact that translation, and the absence of music, may be responsible for an unsatisfied feeling that the play is what lawyers would call "inchoate."

Satire of a poet, whose quatrains have a utilitarian purpose and always need explanation, occupies a considerable part of the play:

> "There are numerous stars in the midnight sky,
> Which hang in the air for no purpose:
> If they would only come down to earth,
> For the street lighting they might be useful."

Dada, the author of this very modern poetry, naturally is the butt of the idealist boys who are out to catch Winter. But catching Winter is not of itself inspiring. And if it were not that "the door of each act is opened by the key

* "Personality." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Cycle of Spring." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Stray Birds." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Sir Rabindranath Tagore and W. W. Pearson

at Riverside, California.

From "Personality," by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan).

of song," the reader's joy would be unfulfilled. The "Song of the Blind Minstrel" and the "Song of Spring" belong to another order. "We poets," says the play, "call to every one to carry all their joys and sorrows lightly, in a rhythmic measure. Our call is called the Renouncers' call."

By tingeing the vesture of sorrow with beauty, and by worshipping the happy glory of sunlight in sunset vesper songs, the poet makes all life bearable. Left to itself Nature would be like a Corsican melodrama, all kisses and stabs.

"I have only my heart for my music
When my lute-strings have broken,"

says the poet.

"Stray Birds" are three hundred and twenty-six in number, and vary from phrases of imagery or symbol to the most modern paradoxes and aphorisms.

"Praise shames me, for I secretly beg for it,"

is among the more subtle.

"To be outspoken is easy when you do not wait to speak the complete truth,"

is a good maxim for politicians.

"That I exist is a perpetual surprise, which is life,"

rather unexpectedly suggests Mr. Mantalini.

The statement that "roots are the branches down in the earth," and that "branches are roots in the air," belongs by nature to paradox rather than implies paradox in Nature. Perhaps the best are the truisms, such as:

"If you shut your door to all errors truth will be left out"

and that "the Great is a born child: when he dies he leaves his great childhood to the world."

"Stray Birds," however, are not to be plucked feather by feather. Birds chirp and flute, but from time to time the deeper laden notes of the nightingale are heard singing to the Rose of Wisdom and Beauty.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

LETTERS ABOUT SHELLEY.*

To read these "Letters," as I have read them, in a village on the Yorkshire moors, where gun practice at the Camp sounds faintly, like the blasting of stone quarries on a distant hill, is to have a queer, uncanny hallucination of peace. You wonder whether the war has or has not ended; whether there ever was a war at all. You even wonder whether the Boer War really happened. For, though the dates of the later letters cover that period, the great fight that won South Africa for the Empire is not so much as hinted at. Dr. Richard Garnett writes on March 11th, 1900 (when Lord Roberts was advancing on Pretoria, and General Plumer fighting desperately for the relief of Mafeking), "Would Shakespeare have objected to the suppression of 'The Isle of Dogs'?" On March 14th he "would readily allow that Shakespeare *might* have begun to write the Sonnets in 1595, and *might* have advanced to Sonnet 66 . . . by 1596"; and "could never see anything in the *Mr.* W. H. difficulty." Professor Dowden "feels the force" of all that Dr. Garnett says, but finds "no difficulty in believing that an undiscovered and undiscoverable person was concerned in the affair."

And the affair of Shakespeare and "Mr. W. H." is a mere frivolous diversion from the grand affair of Shelley and Harriett.

For we have not done with Harriett yet by any means. The book is full of those "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

The Shelley and Harriett affair and the minor affair of Byron and Claire Clairmont figure early in the correspondence, when, in June of 1869, Mr. W. M. Rossetti refuses to be "two things at once, to the public a biographer and to the family a suppressor of published facts." In '72 he finds that "Hogg's date, April 18th, is not strictly inconsistent with a surmise that Shelley *may* have been in love with F. G. by the end of April"; there is an exciting diversion when the correspondence that has fallen into his hands "puts one on the scent of a solution of the Tanyrallt assassination mystery"; but soon he takes up the Harriett mystery again and carries it on till May of '79. Then Mr. Rossetti subsides and Professor Dowden takes the matter up in the autumn of '81, and carries it all through the 'eighties and the early 'nineties. He is in an agony of indecision as to whether he ought or ought not to have allowed certain words "to remain in the quotation from Hogg about Harriett's walks to the bonnet shops," though he feels them to be "important." Dr. Garnett writes: "I should not, for my own part, be inclined to lay any stress on Harriett's disposition to laugh at vegetarianism and other eccentric theories as a cause of separation"; and we find the affair cropping up again in '97 and '98.

They all have theories about poor Harriett. I have my own theory. It is based on certain rather obvious considerations which, so far as I know, do not seem to have struck any of Shelley's biographers, unless Hogg is my subliminal authority (I have no references with me, and cannot trust my memory on this point); though they must, I imagine, have been perpetually present to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, and probably determined their "Judgment in Shelley's Case." But not for worlds would I state them. There has been enough "gossip about Harriett."

Yet to say that these "Letters" are full of gossip would be to give a most misleading idea of them. They add nothing of any vital interest or importance to our knowledge of the sad "affair." All the same, they fairly throb with vital interest and importance—to readers between the lines. One singularly vivid impression emerges from the evidential welter of dates and detail: the character of the three correspondents. The "Letters" are full of self-portraiture, the more perfect because utterly unconscious. They burn with the candid ardour of the

* "Letters about Shelley." Interchanged by Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett and W. M. Rossetti. Edited by R. S. Garnett. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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scholar, as scholarship is understood in liberal England. In all three there is the same nobly dispassionate and disinterested aim; the same scrupulous love of truth and of that special form of truth which is the scholar's religion —accuracy; the same almost fanatic love of justice and morality. They carry their moral vindication of Shelley almost *too* far. They are like the Humanists; their God must be good even if He is powerless. Professor Dowden thinks that Shelley "failed in duty, but failed, as it were, inevitably." Dr. Garnett thinks that the separation from Harriett was not caused by a passion for Mary, but that the passion for Mary was caused by the separation (one wonders whether Mary would have approved of this view of her case!); he thinks that "if Shelley had been half a dozen years older" there never would have been a separation at all, forgetting that Shelley was more than half a dozen years older when he wrote the "Epipsychidion."

But there must be justice all round; justice even to Harriett. Dr. Garnett is pained to think that her memory should suffer from the disclosures of the biographers. On the other hand, Professor Dowden will not surrender his integrity to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley—"I should like nothing worse than that it should be supposed that I had forfeited my independence." Dr. Garnett spends hours, days, weeks, in adjusting their delicate relations.

For, above all, what emerges is Richard Garnett's goodness and chivalrous purity of soul. His time and strength were at everybody's disposal but his own. For one correspondent he has to find out whether Shelley's sister Mary, reported by the Baronetage to be still living, is yet alive, whether "the initials G. S. F." suggest to him "any person who became a newspaper editor"? In one letter he has to furnish Miss Hogg's name and address, say where Trelawny's papers are, and whether they contain "much of importance," and give his opinion as to Shelley's mysterious "Neapolitan charge." Another correspondent suggests that if he has "a few minutes to spare" he "might glance into 'Reminiscences of an Etonian,' and tell me whether it seems likely to be of use"; two days later he is asked to "throw light" on a passage in "Notes and Queries" relating to Shelley's letter to his solicitor.

The poet and the novelist may be more or less their own masters. The scholar is the servant of the public. And if he be himself a poet and a man of letters his life is one long tragedy of unwritten masterpieces. How Richard Garnett survived Professor Dowden alone I cannot imagine, nor how he ever found time to write his own "Poems" or accomplish such prose perfection as "The Twilight of the Gods" and the "De Flagello Myrteo." All his friends seem to have conspired to prevent him.

It is interesting to see from the joint initials, R. S. and M. Garnett, that the author of "The Infamous John Friend" and "Amor Vincit" has collaborated with her husband in the admirable Introduction to this volume.

MAY SINCLAIR.

GOD THE INVISIBLE KING.*

The advocates of a measure of human repose between the intervals of the march of progress are complaining that Mr. Wells will not leave them alone for a minute; he is perpetually breaking out in a new place. They foresee a new division to his panel of works, headed "Sermons," with a sub-section upon "Mr. Britling in Heaven." We shall have a new version of Ecclesiastes from Mr. Wells as Koheleth, the Great Preacher. The title of the Great Tractarian, assigned by Mr. Paul to Halifax, by others to Swift or Newman, is usurped in our day by the creator of "Kipps." Again, he crops up as the Hammer of the Renaissance, or, at any rate, the educational ideal of the Renaissance. From the days of Erasmus to those of Dr. Johnson the *summum bonum* of learning, it seemed, was to acquire Greek, which has now become anathema to Mr. Wells. Among the bright spots on Britain's horizon to-day are the overseas mission of Mr. Balfour and the splendid acts of the British Army, but Mr. Wells is not satisfied with the Army any more than he is with the Bishops, the soul of one of which community he is shortly to anatomise. He is a modern Rousseau in the restlessness of his reaction upon the mind and outlook of modern man, and here he is communicating to us the *religio sapientis*. What that is, the proverbial wise man never tells, and it may be conceded to the malcontents that Mr. Wells is cautious not to tell us too much. But the awful thing for each one of us to whom this book is proffered is that he asks us pointedly in effect—what is your religion? This excites the Bishops and maddens the Deans. The drones of thought and all who regard religious inquisitiveness as a crime are disagreeably perturbed. All who ought to have a religion but have none, and know it, wax wrathful, and some set themselves furiously to shout about God; but Wells himself will be very little perturbed by all their bluster. He is faithful to his creed as a social democrat, he has found a treasure and wants to share it. The stars in the firmament have directed his footsteps, and they have brought him to the shrine of a creedless religion, which is to be the religion of the future. "A creed is really a very formidable thing, it is a mosaic of antiques of very conflicting meaning and purpose. Symbols change so rapidly that no creed can be the same for two generations, interpretation loses consistency. We are apt to accept a lot of old divergent watchwords and battlecries in complete ignorance of their context and their historic significance, and so we come to reiterate blindly a lot of attributes assigned to God by the stresses of external conflict and internal propaganda, about which we are equally ignorant, and the result is "an ill-phrased Levantine creed," direct interpretation of which has about as much relation to the facts of life as the ju-ju of an African savage. Take the greatest creators in literary art of the last sixty years, such as George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, Hardy, Samuel Butler, Anatole France. How much of the accepted creeds of Christianity had they in their possession to divide among them? One would be inclined to say off-hand that they were without exception creedless religionists. Creedless Christianity resolves itself into the essence of the Sermon on the Mount. In short, if you treat a man well and try to get the best out of him, and put the best interpretations upon his actions, he will infallibly tend to do the same by you; this, at any rate, applies to three-fifths of humanity; the difficulty is with the remaining two-fifths. But even with these Mr. Wells exhibits the insuperable toleration of the new creed.

"It is very easy to believe that other people are essentially damned. Beyond the little world of our sympathies and comprehension there are those who seem inaccessible to God by any means within our experience. They are people answering to the 'hard-hearted,' to the 'stiff-necked generation' of the Hebrew prophets. They betray and even confess to standards that seem hopelessly base to us. They show themselves incapable of any disinterested enthusiasm for beauty or truth or goodness. They are altogether remote from intelligent sacrifice. To every test they betray vileness of texture; they are mean, cold, wicked. There are people who seem to cheat with a private self-approval, who are ever ready to do harsh and cruel things, whose use for social feeling is the malignant boycott, and for prosperity, monopolisation and humiliating display; who seize upon religion and turn it into persecution, and upon beauty to torment it on the altars of some joyless vice. We cannot do with such souls; we have no use for them, and it is very easy indeed to step from that persuasion to the belief that God has no use for them.

"And besides these base people there are the stupid people and the people with minds so poor in texture that they cannot even grasp the few broad and simple ideas that seem necessary to the salvation we experience, who lapse helplessly into fetishistic and fearful conceptions of God, and are apparently quite incapable of distinguishing between what is practically and what is spiritually good.

"It is an easy thing to conclude that the only way to God is our way to God. . . . But are we justified in thus limiting God to the measure of our moral and intellectual understandings?"

Well, I am not going to debate or to defend the doctrine of the Trinity with Mr. Wells; he doesn't hurt me by rejecting it, on the contrary, he diverts me immensely by the incomparable way in which he relates how the Christians came by the Nicene Belief. He rejects uncompromisingly

* "God the Invisible King." By H. G. Wells. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

the god of the old metaphysicians, the god of magic, the omnipotent first cause, the fetish god, the peppermint deity of children, and the Providence of the man who prefaces every act of his life by D[eo] V[olente]. But the question arises—as in the case of the man who proposed to write an essay on the Idea of God, and was rebuked by Voltaire for not selecting a subject with a little more actuality about it—Is there sufficient actuality about this new idea of God? Mr. Wells represents Him very much in the character of a big brother, who comes and takes up his stand by our side, the equivalent of the human spirit, human endeavour, the human conscience, the uplift that gives us a moral law, but with a sanction behind it that is external to morals, and is concerned pre-eminently with the maintenance of man's higher ideals. Mr. Wells describes this as a personal God whose characteristics are courage, youth, and need of the love of man whose spirit he is; and compared with a believer of this kind our theocrat discerns in the atheist a lonely being, masterless, rather priggish, still struggling in the swamps of individuation. We most of us must have some sort of gregarious god. God is the spirit of man consecrating the service of man. Perfection is unattainable, but we must strive by every means in our power against disharmony, which is sin, but there is no such thing as unforgivable sin; sin is an incident which is to be surmounted by repentance and reparation without risk of damnation, or divorce from the Idea of God. Put out of the question sex, fear, prohibitions, abstinences, the propitiation of sin by feats of sexual abstinence, sacramental ideas, and remind yourself of the goodness of God by means of prayer, remembering that the service of God is the service of the higher aspirations of man. On these terms, I think, I would as lief pray with H. G. Wells as with anyone. He persuades one a long way on to the new religion. I doubt, though, if he will receive confession; he is too afraid of the lust of the priest for dominion. Our sins do everything evil to us and through us, except separate us from God. But here prayer is a power, and God works miracles. A man with the light of God in his heart can defeat vicious habits, rise again combative and undaunted after a hundred falls, escape from the grip of lusts and revenges, make head against despair. He is still the same man he was before he came to God, still with the same libidinous, vindictive, boastful, or indolent vein, but now his will to prevail over these qualities is fortified from without, and he can draw upon a strength almost boundless above his own. But be a sin great or small, it cannot damn the man once he has found God; nothing one can suffer, no situation so unfortunate, that it can shut off one who has the thought of God, from God. Nothing but utter blindness of the spirit can do that. No matter how great the crime, the moment you truly repent and set yourself to such atonement and reparation as is possible, there remains no barrier between you and God. Directly you cease to hide, or deny, or escape, and turn manfully toward the consequences, and the setting of things right, you take hold again of the hand of God. This rings true.

It is good to be apt for reflection, and to have time set apart for reflecting on the problems remote from the many. The danger is a cult of religion which often results in the self-exaltation of the priestly caste of intermediaries between God and man. The exact form that the religious experience takes is a matter of inferior importance. We have so much that is good in Christianity that we cannot refrain from asking Mr. Wells—why not graft on this familiar foundation to the exclusion of all specious fungoid growth, which has certainly been rank? Invisible religion may be too strange, just as Heaven was to the old lady, who exclaimed, "Well, it may suit some people, but Old England for me." Christianity has tested the ground. Self-sacrifice and worship make up the best of human things, and similarly of divine things. We want a bigger social consciousness, a corrective of "the devil take the hindmost" deduction which has formed such a pestilent blot upon our industrial civilisation and too facile assumption of progress. Every man who forgets himself in some

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genuinely disinterested quest finds in himself a power from a source outside unknown and undreamt of. All disinterested passion that leads to the knowledge of God forms the groundwork of this new religion of Love, and Christianity adds that suffering is the best teacher. We readily dispense with miracle, resurrection, prophecy, and Trinity, from such a faith as this, a faith redeemed from the Pharisees, and from the terrible sophistications of history. We have only to observe what a modern world-state would be making of Christianity, to infer what the old *Imperium Romanum* must have made of Christianity. We want to lay up some Praemia for the future ; in religion we seek inspirations to do this rightly, and therein perhaps the most effectual frustration of the overwhelming menace of death. Religion starts with a beautiful tune, but in course of time, as the notes change and the symbols clash, it becomes jarred and jangled on the most horrible of hurdy-gurdys. Yet even thus travestied it finds response in the most unpromising quarters. Men need to give it their own setting in every age as it flies. If, as we hope, society ascends in a spiral, then our concept of God, too, must heighten and be enlarged. Even the Law changes, generally for the better. The desire to seek and reflect spiritual light has taken possession of a great succession of master minds, in modern times from Spinoza and Pascal to Tolstoy and William James, and now Mr. H. G. Wells. Those whose spiritual needs are nil are content to jeer at the novelty, but all whose spirit needs refreshment will seek to wrestle earnestly with this new angel, whose God is an irradiation of the mind.

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The books are indeed totally different in aspect and character. Korongo—to give Brian Brooke the native title he won by prowess—pours out the verse of manhood in a flow that seems indifferent to the music of rhythm and exactitude of "rime" (to take the proper spelling that Mr. Baerlein uses). His theme is action, action all the time ; on the veld, in the forest, on the battlefield, wherever a man's job is to be done. Judged even by moderate standards his verse is less than poetry ; but, despite the technical defects, it moves the heart, quickens the blood, and rouses : it is built of the ideals and energy of manliness, and for the love it shows that its writer bore—alas, for the tense : but this volume is posthumous—to dumb creatures and the helpless weak, and to the glory and force of nature, it brings gentleness to the heart. Korongo was a man : his verse is manly verse, strengthening to all who read its rapid and virile phrases.

"My dream is done, so good-night, old moon, ere ye dip in
the hills and wane :
The end of it all will be coming soon, good-bye to you, dear
old plain.
For now I am off on the warpath trail and the sky in the
front is black,
For I hear the song of the winds that wail, and I know that
I'll not come back.
The lion will grunt and the jackal bark, and the zebra will
screech with fear,
The fissy will prowl in the lonely dark, and Korongo will
not be here.
Dear Mother, who made my childhood sweet, mourn not
for your son, nor cry,
In the course of time we will surely meet : till then, dear
Mother, good-bye."

* "Poems." By Brian Brooke (Korongo). With a Foreword by M. P. Willcocks. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Rimes of the Diables Bleus." By Henry Baerlein. 2s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

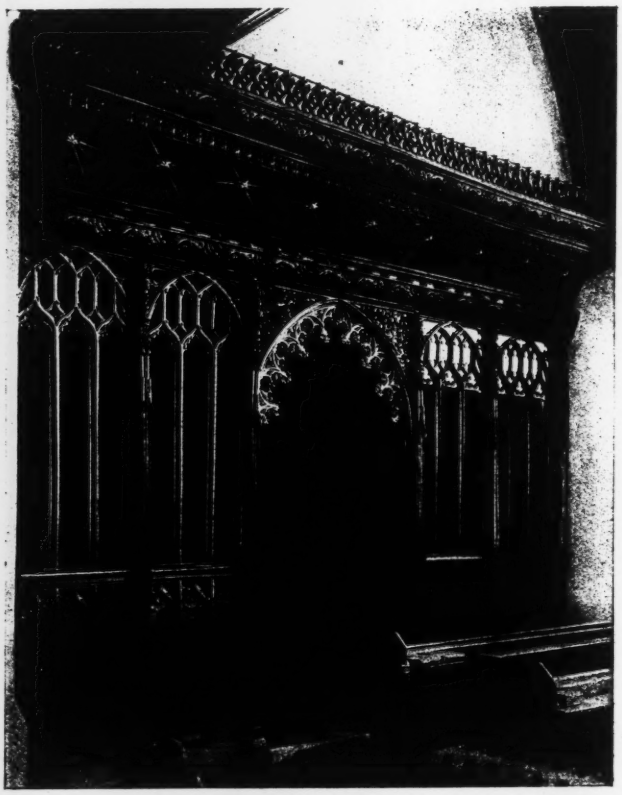
An entirely different spirit breathes through the verse that Mr. Baerlein has translated from the journal of the French Alpinists : there is not much of the blue-devils about these Rimes, though they touch many moods. They are subtle sometimes, as is to be expected from their Gallic origin as well as from the intervention of Mr. Baerlein, whose subtlety is occasionally so determined as to fade to invisible moonshine. Possibly had he the leisure of peace these verses would have been more definite and musical ; it is, therefore, well to remember they were written and put into English during the pauses of hard ambulance work among the precipices of the French Alps. The wonder is, we had almost said, that they have the verve and go and sardonic humour they do possess ; but truly, it is no wonder at all, for these songs and fragments have come from the lips and hearts of Frenchmen, and since the dawn of a better civilisation—if that is the word for a condition which has permitted and endured the Boche—the men and women of France have met the frowns and wounds of fate with assurance and witty jesting.

It is always well to give some taste of the quality of a book of verse ; but in such a case as this, with its many moods and aspects, that is difficult. So let it be one stanza, representing the ideal of the new France, that was roused, as were we, from unworthy slumber, hearing trumpets in the sky.

"Are we, in this world-breaking
And in our anguish, making
The world a better place ?
It is the dream we cherish
That even as we perish
We shall behold the new world's morning face."

If that vision of these French heroes is true, then will our dead, and their dead, not have died in vain.

C. E. LAWRENCE.



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Since the work began Dr. Saintsbury has contributed to every volume—including the present one, and to this he is responsible for close upon a fourth of its contents—with the exception of Vols. IV. and VI. All the other writers save Professor J. G. Robertson, Professor Sir Henry Jones, Professor A. A. Jack and Mr. W. T. Young have at some time or other given their help. Professor Robertson leads off with a chapter on Carlyle; Professor Grierson, who, on Dr. Saintsbury's resignation of the Chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, succeeded him, writes on the Tennysons; Professor Sir Henry Jones on Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Professor Lewis Jones on Matthew Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough, James Thomson ("B.V."); Mr. Hamilton Thompson on the Rossettis, William Morris, Swinburne and others, and a chapter on Thackeray; Dr. Saintsbury in three chapters on the Lesser Poets of the Middle and Later Nineteenth Century, the Prosody of the Nineteenth Century, and on Dickens respectively; Sir A. W. Ward on the Political and Social Novel; Professor A. A. Jack on the Brontës; and, to conclude the list, Mr. W. T. Young in two chapters on the Lesser Novelists and George Meredith, Samuel Butler, George Gissing. There is in it certainly a goodly array of famous names, and it will be at once seen that the volume must yield in interest to few of its predecessors.

Of the contributions by new writers—new only as regards their first appearance here—that by Sir Henry Jones on the Brownings is eloquent and illuminating. In discussing the dramatic element in Robert Browning's poems he has much to say that is worthy of consideration. After stating that Browning characterised all his poems as "dramatic," he asks "How far is this qualification accurate? Was Browning's genius verily dramatic in character?" and proceeds as follows:

> "The question is not easily answered, even although it can be profitably asked. In comparison with Wordsworth, who was both the most self-contained and the most impersonal of all our poets, we must answer the question with a clear affirmative. But compared with Shakespeare, or with Sir Walter Scott (as novelist), the difference is so great as to make the epithet 'dramatic' positively misleading. Of not one of Shakespeare's creations can we say 'Here is the author himself'; of scarcely one of Browning's can we say 'Here the author is not.' Browning, in writing to Elizabeth Barrett, called the poems 'Mere escapes of my inner power, like the light of a revolving light-house leaping out at intervals from a narrow chink.'"

Farther on we read:

> "What Browning's characters lack is objectivity—if we may borrow a term from the philosophers. Such is the intensity of his interest in 'the incidents in the development of a soul' that it transfuses not only the *dramatis personæ* but the world in which they live. The outer world is not genuinely outer. It does not exist for its own sake, carrying on its own processes, 'going on just the same,' whether men and women laugh or weep, live or die, utterly indifferent to every fate, distinguishing not in the least between great things and small, evil things and good, allowing 'both the proudly riding and the foundering bark.' It is not a world aloof from man, non-moral and, on surface reading, non-rational, the sphere of sheer caprice and the playground of accident. The world is the stage and background for Browning's characters and supplies the scenery they need."

Dr. Saintsbury, as always, deals in delightful fashion with his subjects, and it is most satisfactory to read his criticism of Dickens and his articles on the Lesser Poets and the Prosody of the past century, though in the middle article one misses any reference to Lionel Johnson and John Clare. It is with amazement we note the vast extent of his reading. Perhaps he may be interested to know that Crowe's work on English versification, published in book form in 1827, first appeared—at any rate a good portion of it—in the *London Magazine* for the months of January, February, March, April and June of 1823 and for July, 1824.

We rejoice to find Sir A. W. Ward praising George Eliot's novels so highly as he does—especially "Romola." Since her first period of popularity her works have fallen in estimation, and now, perhaps, some of her lost literary reputation may be regained. Space will not permit of any reference to the many other interesting and scholarly chapters, nor to the subjects dealt with in the concluding volume.

Very few additions to the "Corrigenda" in the leaflet inserted in the volume require to be made. Wordsworth did not write that the stern lawgiver, Duty, "*kept*" but "preserved" the stars from wrong. And is it not true that the "rather well-known alliterative *amphigouri*,

> 'An Austrian Army awfully arrayed,'"

first appeared in the *London Gazette* for 1821, and not in Alaric Watts's "Lyrics of the Heart" (1850), as Dr. Saintsbury would seem to imply?

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE LEGHS OF LYME.*

Amongst the great mansions of England few offer more details of interest to the antiquarian student than Lyme Hall, in Cheshire, the ancestral home of Lord Newton. Situated in grey magnificence on a spur of the Peak, eight hundred feet above sea level, its wide prospects of woodland, moor and hill could scarcely be surpassed. Its charms are familiar to the people of Cheshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire, who have free access to its fine park. There is extant a description of the Hall as it appeared in 1465. It was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth; extensive alterations were begun in 1652; then Giacomo Leoni, a famous Italian architect, was at work on it from 1720 to 1726; and the building was completed in 1818 by Sir J. Wyattville. Much of this alteration was merely casing over the older parts, and many of the fine Elizabethan interiors remain untouched. One, however, is not perhaps so much concerned with the building as with the people who have dwelt in it. We knew something of the history of the Leghs from Beamont's "History of the House of Lyme," published in 1876. It has remained, however, for Lady Newton to tell the full story of the family from the time of its first settlement at Disley to the close of the eighteenth century. And, in truth, it is a most interesting narrative. Lady Newton tells us that the idea of writing the book came to her some years ago after discovering a considerable number of old letters in a forgotten cupboard, where they had lain undisturbed for upwards of forty years. They proved to be written in the Court hand of bygone centuries; mice had played havoc with some of them; while others were almost undecipherable from damp. Lady Newton thereupon applied herself to the study of Court hand, and, with infinite labour and patience, succeeded in transcribing most of the documents to her satisfaction. With such material it would have been possible to produce an extremely dull book. But to Lady Newton the collection of portraits of her husband's ancestors are not those of figures stuffed with bombast. They are the portraits of very real persons, and with the aid of the letters, the writer has been able to visualise these Leghs of old years, to enter very sympathetically into their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and to tell the story of their lives in fullest detail. The earliest of the letters is dated 1580, but, with the help of other documents, Lady Newton has been able to give a chronological account of the earlier Leghs, beginning with Sir Piers who performed brilliant feats of arms under Edward III. and the Black Prince, and was rewarded with the lands of Lyme in Macclesfield Forest. His son fought for Henry V., and gave up his life at Agincourt. Then again the Peter Legh of Elizabeth's day served in Essex's two Spanish expeditions, for which services he received the honour of knighthood. It is, however, from the period of James I. onwards that we get the fullest information about the Leghs and their association with the events of their time. They appear, by the way, to have been a singularly level-headed race, and rarely became involved with the wrong side when thrones were hanging in the balance. One

* "The House of Lyme." By the Lady Newton. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

exception was the Peter Legh who refused to swear allegiance to William and Mary, and who became involved in "The Lancashire Plot," one of many Jacobite conspiracies having for its object the restoration of James II. He was twice arrested and put upon his trial, but, for lack of incriminating evidence, escaped with his life. These experiences probably dulled the edge of his Jacobite sympathies, for he kept aloof from the risings of 1715 and 1745, and thus preserved his estates. Without indulging in quotations it is hardly possible to give an indication of the subtle charms of the book. But not the least of its attractions are the illuminating sidelights which it furnishes upon domestic manners of the past, sports, travelling, food and prices, and a hundred other notable matters. "The House of Lyme" is not only a very fascinating story in itself, but it is an extremely valuable contribution to historical literature. The book is handsomely produced and the numerous illustrations add greatly to its attractiveness. TINSLEY PRATT.

THE MUSE ELOQUENT.*

No book could be plainer in its purpose and more direct in its expression than this volume of war poems, the issue of which only narrowly preceded a public honour enabling the poet's many admirers to salute him as Sir William Watson. Upon no poet of our time could such a distinction be more properly bestowed. He has a public note, a public mission. Throughout the present volume he speaks not only for himself but with scarcely less assurance for England. He will vindicate her action and make what he calls "an intermittent commentary on the main developments, and some of the collateral phenomena, of the war." There is no hesitation in his mind and no ambiguity in his verse. It is almost too free from subtlety, the thought almost too near the surface; nothing is said which would not occur to the plainest of plain men. It is inevitable that the plain man's view should be uttered, and that view is a right one; but it is not the only right one, and it is perhaps legitimate to regret that Sir William's lavish phraseology should be used to stiffen and bedeck so thin a body of thought. There is in this war something of which we are all obscurely aware, of which a poet may yet make us acutely aware; something underlying the conflict, not to be easily or directly uttered; something bearing the same relation to popular feeling about the war as mysticism bears to popular religion—something that is the soul of both. Of this, even of his consciousness of this, Sir William has given us no hint; and both the spirit and the form of his poems suffer in consequence.

The spirit itself suffers because of a lack of resistance in the subject-matter as conceived by the author; there is looseness of mental texture, vagueness of movement. Speech seems to come not when but before it is needed, like horses too well trained in obedience. Sir William Watson's poetry thrives best in the chill air of opposition, and hence the little book "For England," published thirteen years ago, and continuing a very sharp political contention, had many pieces which the author has not now quite matched even under a greater urgency of inspiration. True the querulousness of the earlier volume is missing from the present collection, but so is some of the old power.

Yet there is much that is characteristic in the book, much that only this poet could write. He alone of living authors might cry in "The Man Who Saw" (the present Premier, to whom the lines were publicly addressed a few months ago):

> "Out of that land where Snowdon night by night
> Receives the confidences of lonesome stars,
> And where Carnarvon's ruthless battlements
> Magnificently oppress the daunted tide,
> There comes—no fabled Merlin, son of mist,
> And brother to the twilight, but a man
> Who in a time terrifically real
> Is real as the time; formed for the time;
> Not much beholden to the munificent Past,
> In mind or spirit, but frankly of this hour."

* "The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems arising out of the War." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

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XUM

It is his triumph that the authorship of such verse could never be in doubt; nor could many a phrase from many a sonnet in this book—especially from the beautiful personal sonnet, "To One from Beyond Humber." In other forms there is the re-written and vastly improved "The Battle of the Bight"—and scarce anything else which Sir William's reputation as a craftsman should have permitted him to print. He has forgotten his own admirable reminder, "a poet has a duty towards the offspring of his brain." Infanticide in art is a virtue too often neglected.

Petty enough would such cavils be, if it were not so clear that Sir William has drifted into a dangerous mistake. Like Gladstone to Queen Victoria, he addresses himself to his subject as to a public meeting, and is merely general when he might be personal, merely imposing when he might be piercing. He becomes consistently declamatory. He resorts freely to invective without possessing the humorous invention which poets from Swift to Swinburne have shown in verse of this sort. He accepts the ready phrase—he does *not* in the finer verses just quoted from and alluded to—such as, a monster reeking hot, red embrace, red toll, blood-red grave, red flare, grovelling slaves, gorgeous ritual, ravening shape accurst, ampler range in fields of vaster marge, and so on. As if to tease and vex, he scatters these deplorable *clichés* before and after the richly wrought, appropriate phrases of "The Gifts of Hindustan" and "Arabia Felix"—sonnets which show that it is not his skill that has disappeared. But something else has shyly retreated, and perhaps will not return but after prayer and fasting.

JOHN FREEMAN.

Novel Notes.

THE LONDON NIGHTS OF BELSIZE. By Vernon Rendall. 6s. (John Lane.)

Next to her devotions we are told Mrs. Battle loved a good game of whist. "It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book." His release from the editorship of what was up to a short time ago the leading weekly literary journal, has enabled Mr. Vernon Rendall to unbend *his* well-stored mind in the writing of this very attractive work of fiction. It consists of a series of adventures in London of a young man, Christopher Belsize, "rich beyond the dreams of money-lenders." The publisher catalogues it as a novel, which it certainly is not, being merely a collection of independent and disconnected episodes, though none the less interesting on that account. Its style is, as one would expect, distinctive and scholarly, the outcome of a mind appreciative of fine literature. Belsize is a man of keen observation, and a master of detail, and his investigation of crime and criminals reminds one, *longo intervallo*, of Sherlock Holmes. To our taste, the painfully sad story of "The Lost Scholar" is the best of the series. In delightful contrast with this is the delicious account of the "Elimination of Mollinson," a pretentious club humbug who steals the brains of his associates to use them for his contributions to the "Brainy Nuggets," and whose nemesis is well deserved. The whole book is full of good things, and its success is certain. We should be glad to have a continuation of Belsize's adventures. One or two slips are to be noted in Mr. Rendall's literary allusions. He refers to a house "lonely as a peak in Darien," a misreading which surprises us, and he seems to imply that Shelley and Byron were "Early Victorians," and it is hardly true that the name "Wildair" "smacks of Congreve." For the latter name should be substituted that of Farquhar, whose "Sir Harry Wildair" was the part "created" by Peg Woffington and afterwards by Dorothy Jordan.

THE NEW ORDER. By Morice Gerard. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

From those gallant historical romances with which he first made his reputation, and the tales of mystery that have characterised his later development, Morice Gerard turns in "The New Order" to a quiet story of to-day and to-morrow—a quiet story that has all the wonder and tumult of the world-war behind it. Evan King served as a Chaplain in France and won the V.C.; but we meet him here when the war is over and he has resumed his clerical duties. The war is over, but certain of its influences survive; the great democratic spirit that entered into the fighting men in those days lives potently still in him. "He wanted to be in the van of progress. He was a champion of the New Order, which was to regenerate the social world." His chance comes when he is offered the Deanery of a slummy industrial centre, and the story is of how he used his chance and succeeded in shattering something of the old world into bits and reshaping it nearer to his heart's desire. Love plays an interesting but minor part in all this. Some readers will think the Dean ought to have married Stella Dorington, the girl who impressed him so strangely when he was preaching in Westminster Abbey, and who seemed to be as curiously attracted to him. But she marries another man, and the Dean marries another girl as unexpectedly as such things happen in the life we really live.

HELEN OF FOUR GATES. By an Ex-Mill Girl. 5s. net. (Jenkins.)

This is a first novel of extraordinary promise. There is something of the Brontë touch in the author's handling of stark, elemental human passion, in the stormy atmosphere and bizarre imaginative power of her story. Left an orphan, Helen was adopted, while she was the merest child, by the grim old farmer, Abel Mason of Four Gates, and grew up in the belief that he was her father. As she neared womanhood, Abel treated her with increasing harshness, and was more and more obsessed by a dark scheme of avenging upon her the misery he had suffered at the hands of her mother. He had loved her mother and they were to have married, but her people discovered that there was a strong taint of hereditary insanity in his family, and terrified by their warnings and by the strangeness that already revealed itself in Abel's character, she had married his rival. Brooding lonely at Four Gates, his hereditary curse developed in him unchecked; at the best, he was not normal, and there were days when he was in thought and behaviour a veritable maniac and Helen went in fear of him. His ruling passion was for vengeance. He watched gloatingly while she drifted into love with Martin Scott; then at the right moment warned Scott that Helen was his daughter and there was insanity in his family, and for an object lesson, found an excuse to send Scott on a mission to an imbecile sister of Abel's who was kept under restraint in an asylum. And Scott, a decent youngster of a highly nervous temperament, was scared from all thought of marriage with Helen and would have gone away from the place, but she, though she cannot altogether blame him, is determined that he shall not go, and her strength of character and its influence over him holds him beside her for many months to the hopeless misery of them both. But in spite of the fact that he goes at last, and that subtly pursuing his revenge Abel forces her into marrying a callous rascal who arrived at the farm as a tramp, and looks like thwarting his own aim when this man, in spite of himself, begins to love her, it is not so that he is baulked, nor in that way that Helen goes through black tragedy to happiness in the end. It is a difficult theme, but the author handles even its most daring situations with a strong and sure mastery.

THE HANDLE OF SIN. By Edith Metcalfe. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Taking Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all" as her text, Mrs. Metcalfe has applied it in a thoroughly interesting

and even absorbing story, one in which various kinds of wrongdoing are subtly interwoven into a design which has at once the fascination and excitement of sensationalism and the attraction and interest of the carefully-designed and well-told story. It is something of the irony of things that the successful man shall frequently have a son who, to use a slang locution of the time, is a "rotter," and thus it was that Mr. Everard lay on his deathbed at the very time when his son was threatened with the pains and penalties consequent upon certain defalcations. Basil Everard's employers agreed to waive a prosecution if the money missing was made good forthwith, and Basil got a promise of the necessary sum from the villain of the piece if a certain covering document were duly signed by his father. That father lay in a state of coma and for her brother's sake Marion Everard, believing that her father would have signed, forged the old man's signature, scarce realising that she was committing a crime. The villain finds out that the signature is forged, and has reason to believe that the young Everards are both firmly in his power—and therefrom follows a tangle, the straightening out of which, by way of murder and suspicion, affords good reading. Mrs. Metcalfe is so capable a novelist that it might well be wished that many other popular writers of sensational fiction were gifted with her ability to present a narrative of strange happenings with an air of reality over the whole, and were able also to touch it here and there with her unobtrusive but genuine humour.

PINCUS HOOD. By Arthur Hodges. With Frontispiece. 5s. net. (Constable.)

The hero of this pleasant story is the proprietor of a New York "Art Store," a little man with great ideas and a heart of gold. His ruling passion is to befriend struggling genius, and his greatest idea is to found an art gallery through the medium of which rising artists may appeal directly to the public and evade the exactions of the middleman. It is a very entertaining and diversified Bohemia that has its head-quarters above Pincus Hood's shop, and there is some pungent satire in the description of certain types of impecunious genius as well as of millionaire vulgarity. A love story happily bridges that social gulf, and with the marriage of the artist and the heiress Pincus Hood's altruistic dream promises to be realised. The old storekeeper is the best-drawn character in the book, and his description has many pleasant touches of Dickensian reminiscence.

RESCUING RUPERT. By Guy Thorne. 2s. net. (John Long.)

For those readers who have something more than a taste for sensationalism, those whose avid appetite for such fare may be likened to the capacity of inordinate feeders, it may be said that there is something of a treat provided by Mr. Guy Thorne in "Rescuing Rupert." It is a story which is cinematographic in its rapid succession of striking and contrasting scenes; it introduces us to wonderful places that seem to belong to the storyland of the Arabian Nights, and to people of super-demoniac evil in their ways. And all these things it does, *inter alia*, in the everyday London of taxes and taxicabs. An apparently harmless, if morbid, exhibition for the curious in London is seen to be something of a dumping-ground for the bodies of the mysteriously murdered; an agreeable suburb like Richmond is shown as home of something in the nature of a man monster, the master mind who employs all sorts of evil agents to do all sorts of things—robbery and murder, for example—to attain his own particular ends. It is indeed a veritable feast of sensationalism that Mr. Guy Thorne here puts before his readers, a feast which might well appear coarse and crude to the palate of the epicure, but one which will afford a hearty meal to those hungry for something that shall take their minds off the worries of the day for a mere feasting-while.

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